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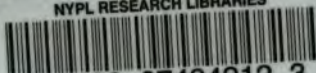
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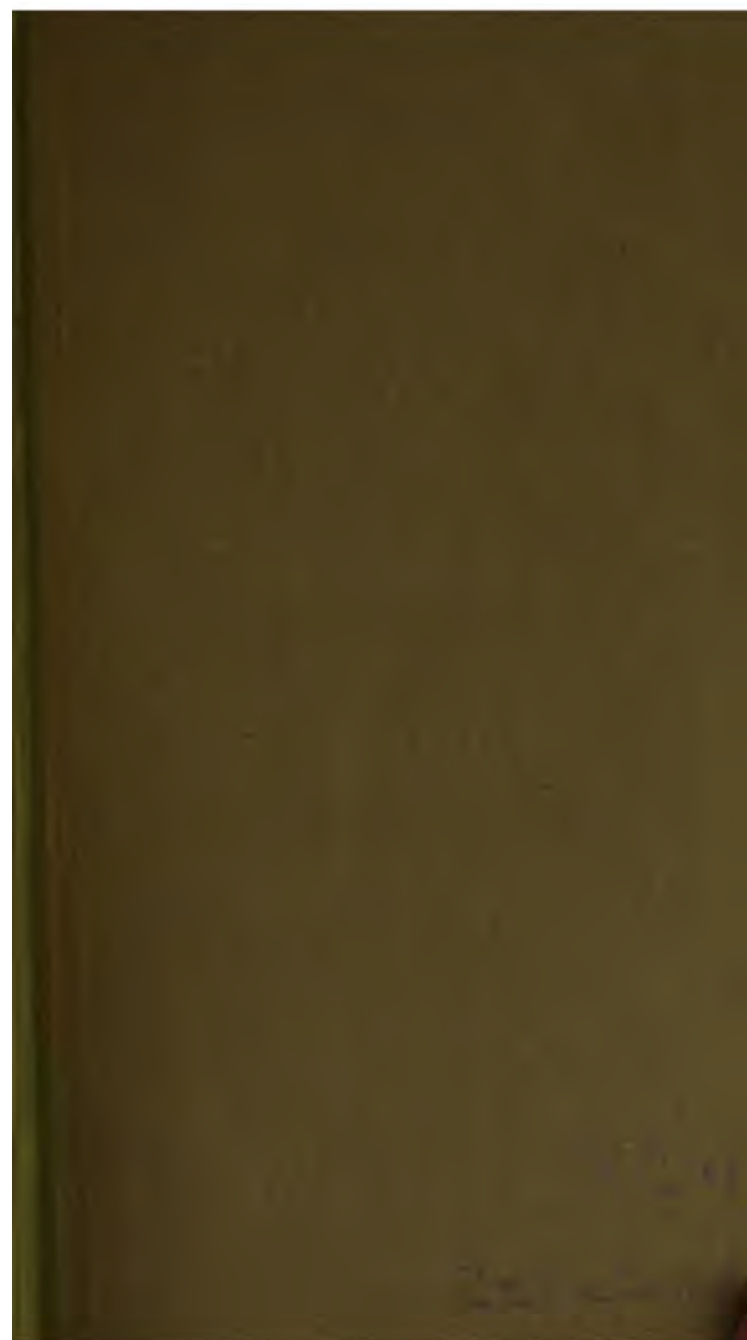
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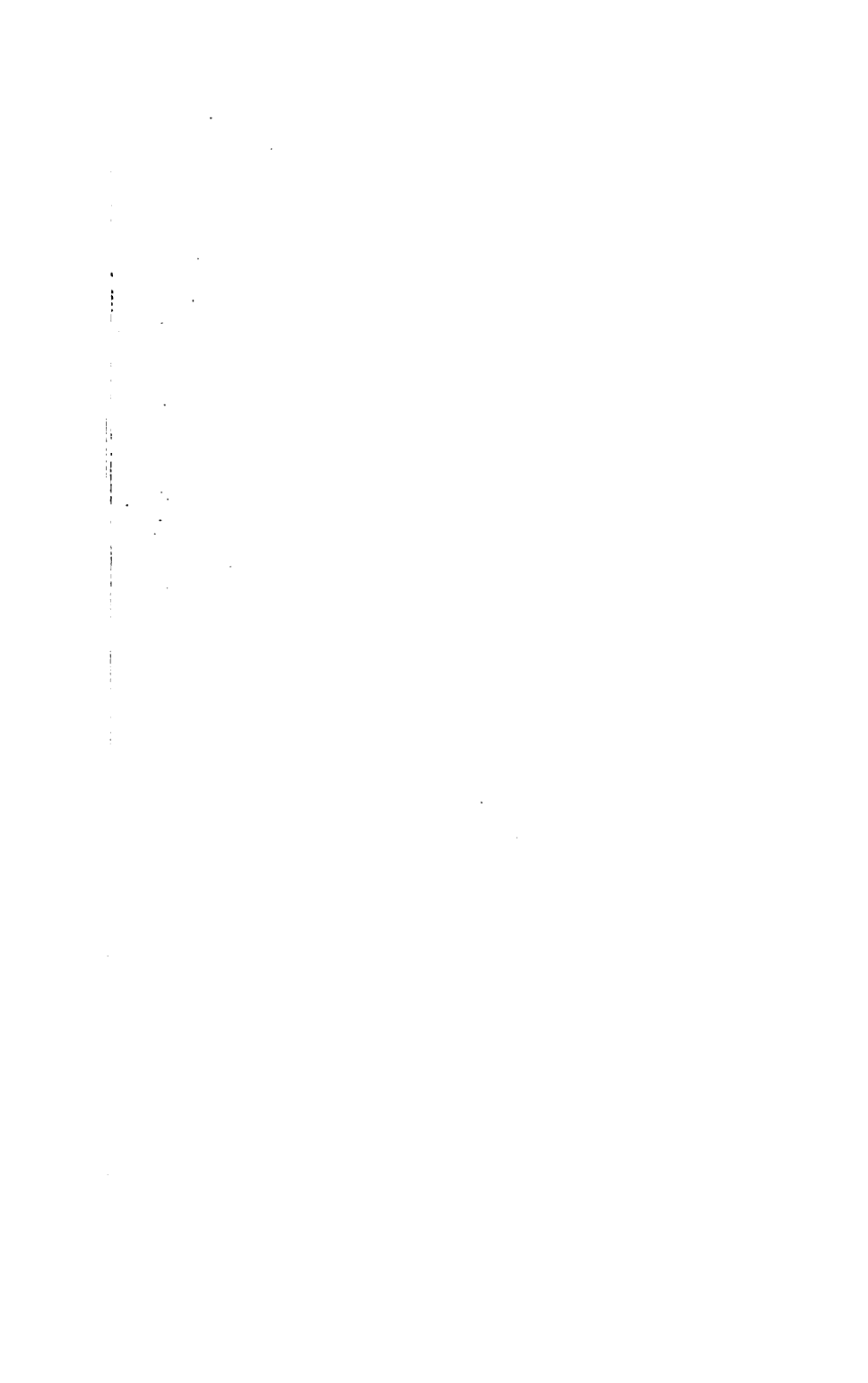
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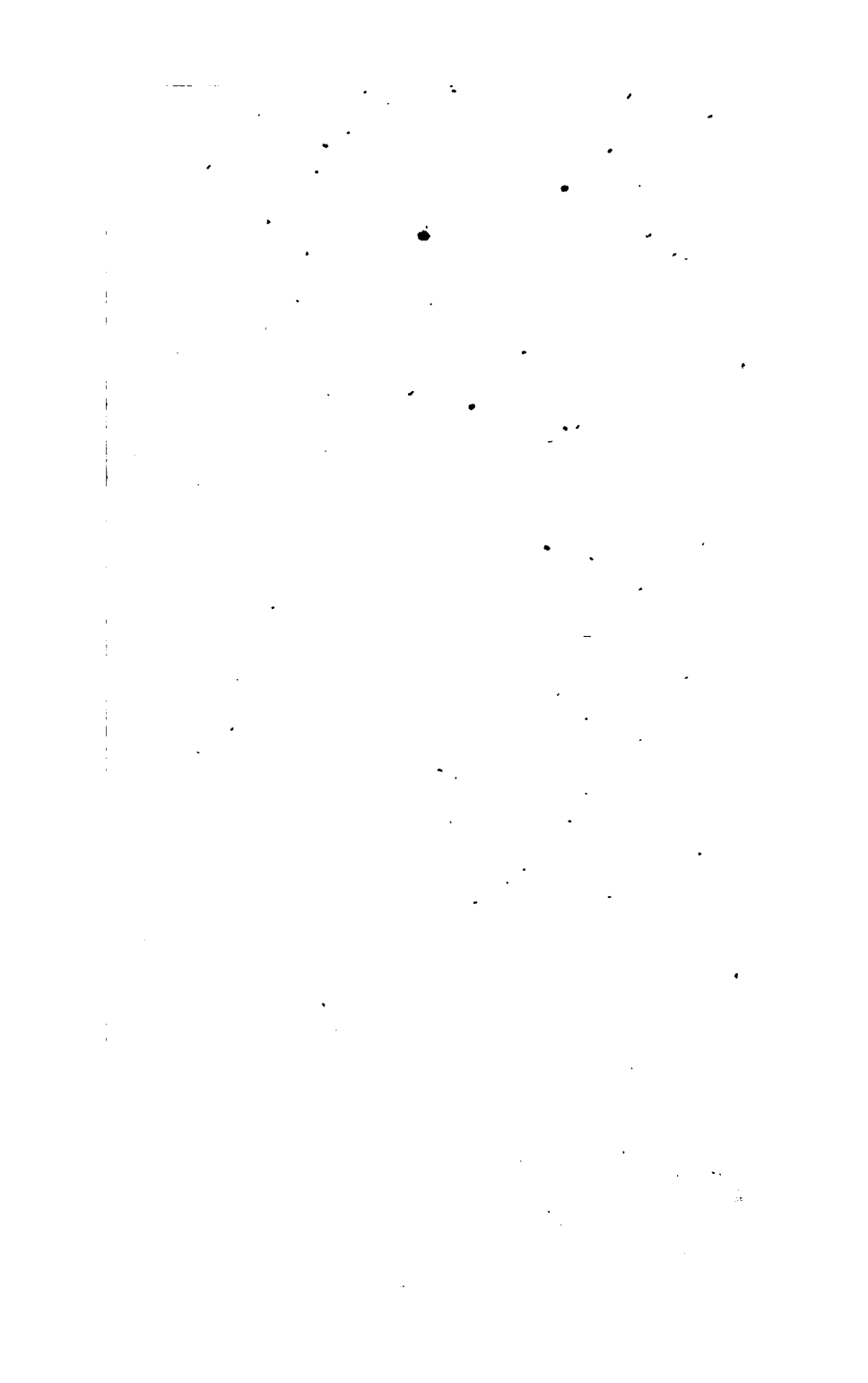




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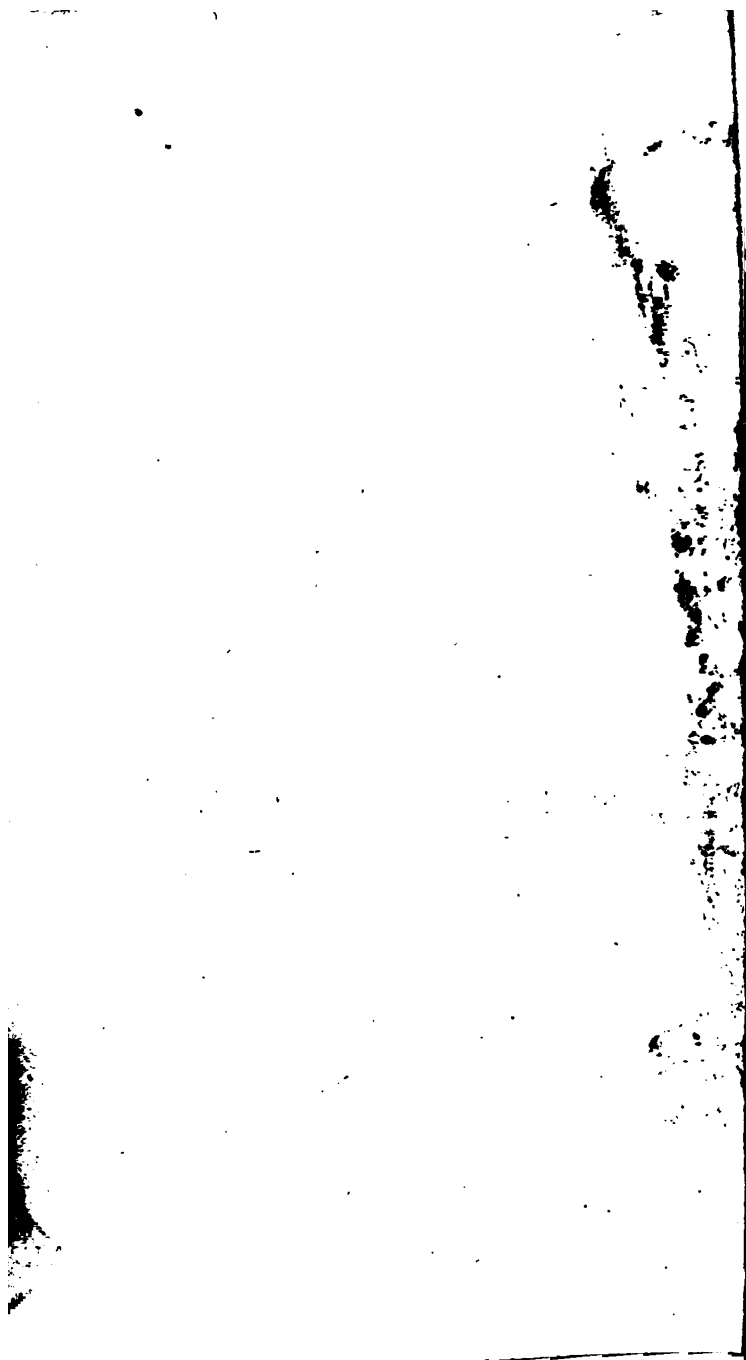




**NEAL MALONE,**

**AND OTHER**

**TALES OF IRELAND.**



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**AND OTHER**

**TALES OF IRELAND.**

**BY**

**W. H. CARLETON,**

**AUTHOR OF**

**"TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

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# THE BROTHERS.

## A NARRATIVE.

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PEGGY GRAHAM was born of Protestant parents, who took care that she received such an education as became a girl in her rank of life, and a Christian. She was taught reading, writing and the elementary principles of arithmetic; but what was of still more importance to herself, she was faithfully instructed in the plain truths of the Gospel, undistorted by the bias of personal opinions superinduced upon points, the elucidation of which, until developed by the progress of time, must always be a matter of uncertainty. She had for her instructor a pious clergyman, whose exertions are well known in the church to which he is still an ornament; she was, therefore, soberly, clearly,

and firmly impressed with the moral and doctrinal truths of the Old and New Testaments. She knew the duties which, as a rational creature and a Christian, were incumbent on her to fulfil; whilst her relation to God, to her parents, and to the world in which she must live, was fixed in her principles while they were pliant and susceptible. Such an education, as far as religion was concerned, did Peggy Graham receive from this excellent minister of God; yet, it is impossible that, in the early part of her life, I can represent her as manifesting in her conduct all that might fairly be expected from her. Nor can I, like the novelist, endue her with a degree of perfection unknown to human nature, because I draw her character as it actually displayed itself. In fact, she fell far behind many others, who probably possessed not such advantages. She was, in fact, a girl in whom you could not observe any thing very remarkable either for good or evil; her natural turn of mind was, up to her marriage, heedless, candid, and full of vivacity; although it must be granted that, when adequate occasions drew them forth, she evinced such feeling, firmness, and depth of thought, as could scarcely be expected from a young woman of her natural

gaiety. Her personal beauty was considerably beyond that of persons in her station of life.

One evening, somewhat after Christmas, and a little before she had completed her twentieth year, Peggy was missed from the family hearth. For the first hour or so this excited no particular alarm, as it was supposed that she might have gone up to the village of L——, which was distant from her father's house, only two or three hundred yards, for the purpose of spending an hour with some of her female acquaintances. At length the time of retiring to rest arrived, and she came not: her parents now began to feel rather surprised at her absence, which, on the whole, was rather unusual at so late an hour: this was heightened considerably by the fact of her having given to no member of the family any intimation of her departure, ~~or~~ of the business which brought her out. Still she returned not, and serious alarm became evident among her relations; messengers were sent up to such persons in the village as she was in the habit either of visiting or associating with; but, after the strictest inquiries, no trace or account of her could be ascertained. In the mean time, the neighbours assembled at her father's, anxious to lend her friends every assistance in this moment of trial and alarm, if not of dis-

tress. The fields, the out-houses, and all the neighbouring dwellings were searched, as were the hills and valleys, for a considerable distance around them. Her name was called, until its echoes reverberated in the mockery of reply; but in vain—not a circumstance calculated to develop the mystery of her disappearance could be discovered.

At length it occurred to her mother to search the chest in which Peggy kept her dress; and no sooner was this done, than it appeared that her absence was voluntary and premeditated, for her best clothes had been secretly removed from the chest, and could no where be found. This circumstance, however, slight as it was, served to explain the cause of her departure. In that part of the country in which the scene of this sketch is laid, two-thirds of the young people of both sexes bring about marriage by elopements, or what are called, in their own language, “runaway matches.” In the north of Ireland, particularly, the frequency of these “runaways” is absolutely surprising; and so inveterate is the practice among the lower orders, that even the exertions of the priesthood, when brought against it, have utterly failed in suppressing it amongst their flocks.

The father and mother, after consulting together upon the removal of her dress, were therefore jus-

tified not only by this circumstance, but by the usage of the country, in concluding that Peggy had eloped. This, however mortifying to her parents, as exhibiting a proof of their daughter's disobedience, was less distressing than the apprehension of personal danger or violence. They openly expressed their belief, that Peggy had run away with some young man who had clandestinely worked upon her affection; and that he must be a person whose circumstances and character were such as to disqualify him from making an open and manly proposal for her hand. On hearing this, which was, however, only admitted as an hypothesis by the mother, those neighbours who offered their assistance during the emergency, withdrew to their respective homes, sagaciously confident of her elopement, and her afflicted parents knelt down with sorrow to the worship of God, in which they did not fail, from the bottom of their hearts, to pray that his Almighty protection might guard her from those evils to which she had so imprudently exposed herself—that she might be given to see the error of her ways, and that the step she had so rashly taken, might not involve her in future misery. Having concluded prayer, they retired to rest, their hearts heavily depressed at the conduct of a daughter from

whom they expected a more dutiful observance of the principles which they had anxiously inculcated, as the best guide of her life and conduct.

About four miles to the west of her father's, in a fertile tract of country, stood the dwelling of a warm, substantial farmer, called Harry Moran, around whose kitchen fire sat, on the night in question, a very joyous circle of friends and neighbours. Harry himself sat upon the hob, and beside him stood his constant, warm-hearted companion, a dark-looking, large bottle of poteen. This group consisted of about a score of persons, old and young, of both sexes; the old with the old, and the young with the young.

"Harry," said the wife, "don't you think *they* ought to be here afore now?—my goodness, if I know what's keepin' them!"

"Never the fear," he replied. "I warrant you Dan Gallagher won't come without her, and she so willin'; there's time enough, woman; sure it's not far in the night yet. Come, nabours, we must drink to the health an' success of the 'runaway couple,' Dan Gallagher and Peggy Graham; health an' happiness to them!" This being done with good will, the conversation went on as before.

"Myself thinks it quare enough," said Molly, for Dan Gallagher to marry a Protestant, an' him

could get his pick and choice of dacent girls belonging to his own persuasion: sure, the clargy says, that whin a Roman-Catholic girl marries a Protestant, if she doesn't get him to *turn*, she sleeps in the arms of the devil;\* dear pardon me," she added, spitting out, "for namin' the ould thief!"

"An' what's the reason, thin," inquired one of them, "that the same clargy always favour sich matches? Don't they ever wish to see a Protestant married into a Catholic family?"

"I dunna," observed another, unconscious of the blunder, "would they set their face agin a Catholic bein' married to a Protestant? I'll hould a wager they would."

"More power to you, Jack," said Harry, "you war still a long-headed fellow! Isn't it the same thing, you omadhaun? Here's yer health, any way. I never saw you but you could guess any thing you knew at three guesses!"

"The reason that the clargy are for sich marriages," said Tom Malone, "is, because the Protestants mostly come over to the right place. Why, there's the Madouls, that's now as sound Catholics as any in the county, and, in ould Madoul's time,

\* Such is the proverb.

they war bitther pills agin the Romans; and you all know, that it was the marriage of young Tom into the M'Shawn family that first brought it about."

"Ay, an' somethin' to the back of that," said Jemmy Finnigan; "the rest didn't *turn* for as good as three years after Tom came over. This that I'm spaking of happened in poor ould Father Brady's time, now goin' an thirty years: the short an' the long of it was this—heavens be the same Father Brady's bed! it's he that could sing the 'Cruskeen lawn' like a thrush—as I'm tellin' you, was this: a daughter to one of the Madouls had the sterriks, or the fallin' sickness, but it makes no odds which, an' after bringin' all the Protestant an' Prospetayrian ministers that could be got for love or money, that they might pray over her, thinkin', you see, that they could cure her—ay, even scores of Methody preachers were employed—but they could as well prevent the rain from fallin'—a tight job the last would be, any how—as make her one pin point the better. So, at the long run, they were obligated to get Father Brady, an' he was the boy that had her as sound as a trout in less than no time."

"An' how did he cure her, Jemmy?" said Molly.

"The never a one o' *me* can tell you, Molly," replied Jemmy; "all I know is, that he cured her, any way."

"Ned, asthore," said Molly, in a side whisper to one of the sons, "will you run out, and thry if you can see or hear any sign of them—hem! Then I can tell you, Jemmy," said she, speaking to Finnigan; "he cured her three times itself, an' put a blessed gospel about her neck, with some-thin' in it that was consecrated at Rome by the Pope, an' put two obligations on her—one was never to ate mate on a Friday, and the other never to enter a church door.\* Well, behold ye, for some time she was as well as ever, thought it was all over, and what does she do, one fine Sunday, but sets off with herself to church; so well becomes her, the very minute she crossed the threshill, down she dhrops, and had one of the hardest fits of it ever she had. Sure enough, afther breakin' the obligation, she was as bad as before; so bad, that the priest had to be sent for the same week, an' sore throuble he had to help her this time, for it's always harder to cure them

\* It is almost superfluous to inform our readers, that these are precisely the obligations imposed on Protestants who are weak enough to subject themselves to such irreligious imposition.

afther they neglect what he puts upon them. About a year afther that, she forgot herself one day, an' eat a good dinner of mutton; but she ped for it dear enough, for she hadn't ris from the table when she was in a *prabeen*, an' Father Brady had another hard bout with her; they say, the last time he cured her, he druv twelve evil spirits out of her, in the shape of *diouls*."\*

"Why, there's not only the Madouls," said Harry; "sure, even in this parish, there's nine or ten Protestant families that had, within my own mimory, the grace to provide for the long day, by shakin' hands with St. Pether, in ordher that they might get a lift across the *mudha cughill*,† where the heretics always miss their feet;‡ and warn't the most of these brought round by marriages wid ourselves?"

\* The *dioul*, or devil, is a black, disgusting insect, of which, so slender is my knowledge of natural philosophy, I am not able to give the scientific name.

† The Roman Catholic peasantry give a humorous account of the passage to purgatory, which they say presents a loose *unsettled plank*, called the *mudha cughill*, to those who go that way; and if they be destined to reach purgatory, St. Peter takes them by the hand, and swings them across it. Those who are fated for a worse place, are never able to cross the *mudha cughill*.

‡ To stumble.

"That, an' holy wells," observed Paddy Flaherty; "there's Bob Fulton was cured, by going to Struile wells, of a weakness in his joints, that made a *lamen<sup>ther</sup>\* of him. Why, he wasn't able to mark the ground for years; howsomever, some one that wished him well, advised him, hit or miss, to thry it, so he got a good stout cudgel in his fist, and set out manfully, said the prayers as well as he could, came home as soople as a *grew*, and is a thumpin' Roman ever since. Jos. Jackson, the Methodist, tould him, some time after, that he was more indebted to the journey than to the well, for that is was nothing but hip-pishness ailed him; and what does honest Bob do, but ups with the fist and knocks Jos. down. 'You cantin' thief,' says Bob, 'wasn't I cured before I rached the well—didn't the very intention sarve me?' It's a thousand pities that Bob doesn't keep from the liquor; if he did, he'd be the moral† of a sound Christhien."*

"At any rate," said Jemmy Finnigan, "the parsons have one thing about them, that I hope they'll stick to; and if they do, the hinges of their church doors will soon be rusty."

"Arrah, may be ye'd be dacent enough to let

\* A lame man.

† Model.

us into the sacret, Jemmy—what would it be, man?"

"Jist that they lave the tachin' of their own flocks to our clargy,\* manin', as much as to say, that the Protestants are niver taught at all, so far as religion goes."

"For my own part," said Harry, "I think even the priests hardly care a button about their flocks, providin' they can get all they can out of them. What throuble does our clargy take about us in religion or larnin'? Let a priest or a parson hear of a convart, an' he's at him; fitter for them, in the first place, to take care of their own flocks, and, afther that, manage the convarts."

"Musha, I'd give a thrifle to know," observed Molly, "if Peggy Graham will turn Catholic wid Dan. I'm thinkin' if Dan takes afther his father, it'll go hard if he doesn't bring her to see the inside of a chapel, any way it would be a sight worth somethin' to see the purty crathur—an', dear knows she's all that—thryin' to go over the *padereens*, or houldin' up her hands for a drizzle of the holy wather—ha, ha, ha!—why the Grahams would go mad wid vexation, if it came to

\* This was "thirty years since;" and, without doubt, it was then too true.

that;—here's wishin' us luck an' grace, any how, and a bettther way of thinkin' to Peggy!"

As the last words were uttered, a loud rap came to the door, which was immediately understood as the signal that intimated the arrival of Dan Gallaher and Peggy Graham. In a moment Harry and the wife were at the door to welcome them. Molly took Peggy in her arms, and, after the usual manner of reception, kissed her, and, of course gave the *cead milliah failtah* to each. Harry most cordially shook hands with both; and, in a few minutes more, the same ceremony took place between the "runaways" and all those whom Harry had assembled to meet them.

In Ireland, elopements of this nature are never considered disgraceful, although it frequently happens, that they are attended with deep and lasting calamity to the parties themselves. It sometimes happens, that the parents of the young persons are well aware of their intention "to run away with one another;" in general, however, the elopement mostly takes place without either their knowledge or concurrence. The arrangements usually made on such occasions are these:—The young man having gained the consent of her to whom he is determined to unite himself, appoints the place and hour of meeting; he then goes to

some friend, to whom he discloses the secret, and asks permission to bring her to his house—a request which, I believe, has never yet been refused; this person is either a relation by blood or marriage, for the most part; though a gossip, or particular friend is often solicited for the purpose. The young man, having thus communicated his intention, sends a stock of spirits to the house of his friend, sufficient to entertain those whom they may think proper to ask. The latter, of course, meet; but in cases where there may be an apprehension, that the disclosure of the parties' names about to elope, would reach their respective parents, the invited friends are left in the dark upon this point. They are informed that such a circumstance is about to take place, and that it is expected they will attend. They accordingly meet, and the night is spent in drinking, singing, and mirth.

“Clear away, you thieves of the world,” said Harry—“clear off from about the hearth—you’re burnt—an’ let the young couple take an air of the fire. Peggy Graham, you jewel you, come up here above me on the hob, an’, Molly, darlin’, you’ll take care of Dan. Now, Miss Peggy, remember that you’re my daughter, while my roof

is over your head, *ma colleen dhass* ;\* and, as my daughter, I'll take care of you and protect you."

When Harry had thus exercised the warm hospitality of his country, the party closed in once more about the fire. Peggy sat, according to his wish, above himself upon the hob, and Dan sat beside Molly. The bottle was plied again with tolerable vigour, and the youngsters whispered upon the subject nearest their hearts, or joined in the song or jest as it went round. Molly, seeing them thus engaged, disappeared ; and, in a few minutes, two servant maids removed a long, well-soured table from its position beside the dresser, to the hearth, where, with one end towards the fire, they placed it, with good-humoured and significant alacrity. It is unnecessary to say, that there was a comfortable supper in the back ground.

In the mean time, lest our readers should feel anxious to know the description of person whom a girl so sensible and intelligent, as Peggy Graham really was, notwithstanding this indefensible and criminal step, had selected as her companion through life, we will, while Molly is preparing supper, enable them to form an opinion of him.

\* My fair girl.

Dan Gallagher was a young man somewhat below the middle size; his father had been altogether illiterate, and, originally, very poor, until raised unexpectedly in life by the accidental circumstance of a canal passing through his land. In the formation of this canal he obtained employment, which, by his own industry, in addition to the money he received as compensation for the loss sustained by the breaking up of his little farm, soon enabled him to raise his head, and, eventually to become the owner of several corn-boats, which the son superintended. The attachment between Peggy Graham and him, unless it were tinged by a desire to establish herself comfortably in life, is certainly difficult to be accounted for. That this, however, was her motive, she afterwards acknowledged; and if she suffered for the sacrifice of principle and duty, from a wish to secure that on which many a selfish heart is fixed in this world, let her subsequent calamities be a warning to those who may peruse her history, or feel inclined to follow her example.

There was, in fact, nothing about Gallagher, in point of person or countenance, which could justify an attachment, not only on the part of such a girl as Peggy Graham, but almost on the part of any female, however humble. He was a dark-

visaged, sallow, little creature, generally silent, or, when he spoke, malignant and offensive in his observations. His habits were regular and persevering; and the principles on which he conducted his business were those of avarice and extortion. Like his father, he was able to encounter the world and overreach it by knavish sagacity, though, it must be admitted, that he was punctual in his payments and engagements. Of education he knew not the advantage, and, consequently, set very little value on it; yet, with all his worldliness, he actually affected to be religious—for few men were more scrupulous in the observation of external ceremonies. He was a favourite with the priest and the priest was a favourite with him; to which fact, an occasional dinner from Gallagher bore sufficient evidence. The truth is, he was like many men of his circumstances in life, strongly superstitious, and consoled himself by the observance of unnecessary rites for the neglect of such duties as were commanded. If he possessed the appearance of any thing agreeable about him, it was brought out by some point in life which he proposed to attain. In effecting this, he could be exceedingly plausible and insinuating, nay, even ready and fluent in his conversation, over which he was able to sprin-

kle a little quiet humour, very happily adapted to the disposition of those with whom he spoke.

Such was the man with whom Peggy Graham had placed the destiny of her life, and for whose sake she committed a crime of such a nature, that the very circumstance of marriage not only renders it frequently irretrievable, but often annexes to it a penalty that is removed only by death itself.

On this night the persons composing the company assembled in Harry's, were common friends of his host and himself; but whether they were acquainted with the full extent of what was to take place, I am not able to decide.

Shortly after Gallagher and Peggy's arrival, a gentle tap came to the kitchen window, on hearing which, looks were significantly exchanged between Gallagher and Harry. The latter immediately went out, evidently for the purpose of holding a dialogue with the mysterious person who was so reluctant to let himself be known. The interview might have lasted about fifteen minutes; at least that period elapsed before Harry joined his friends within. On returning, he looked with a grave but ludicrous face at Gallagher, drawing his thumb and fingers down his jaws and chin, as a man frequently does who has made a point of

humour, or arranged some difficult matter to his satisfaction.

Gallagher instantly understood him—" *Wulc gahan rudh raik?* " he inquired in Irish—" Is every thing ready ?"

" *Tha, agus a soggarth fhosha,* "—" Yes, and the priest, too," replied Harry.

A short conversation in Irish then ensued between them, in which Gallagher requested Harry, who had a pleasant, prevailing method of argument, to undertake the task of preparing Peggy's mind, not only for a certain ceremony which was about to take place, but—which required much more address—for the strange appearance of the person who was to perform it.

This was a task for which Harry was certainly well qualified; for, instead of taking her aside, and breaking the matter privately, he addressed her aloud, sensible that all present would join him in persuading her to comply with the object he had in contemplation.

" Why, then, Miss Peggy, if there's a man in the four corners of the airth that's more rejoiced to see you than I am, exceptin', indeed, a sartain friend of mine, not a hundred miles from us at the present time,"—here he glanced at Dan Gallagher,—" an', but I'd be glad, at all times, to see

your father's daughter at my hearth, or a dog belongin' to the same family. May be, it's me that's happy that you showed your good sense, by takin' a man that's 'hot an' full,'\* an' well able to support you in dacency an' plinty. Now, Peggy, a *colleen dhas*, you know that you have both made the race in spite of all friends. You're a Protestant, Peggy, an' he's a breast-thumper, a colleen, an' what matther for that same on either side; you know what the Scripture says upon the subject—'there's a remlit of all to be saved;' and, depind upon it, you'll be one of the same remlit, I'll be bail. But, Peggy, I'm timersome about your friends an' his; you see they'll be apt to set their faces, may be, agin the marriage, afther all; and, if they previnted it, a *cushla*, sure that fair, dacent chorrecther of yer own would be destroyed all out.† Now, that's what I'm comin'

\* It has been observed, or if it has not, I observe it now, that much of the character of a people may be traced in their language—a cool Englishman would say warm and well to do in the world; but the quickness and energy of the Irishman will use stronger and more significant idioms.

† It never happens, or, at least, very rarely, that a young woman who "runs away," yet misses matrimony with the person with whom she eloped, is ever married afterwards; the more "runaway," if not concluded by marriage between the parties, being considered an indelible stain upon the character.

to, mainin' to say, that, in the name of all that's lucky, you couldn't do a better thing, both of you, nor to get the words said this very night, an' then let frinds or inimies do their worst; you're safe, any how, an', by the same token, well settled in life, over an' above. Eh, nabours, will we have a weddin'?—there's a rousin' supper, an' sure it would be a burnin' shame not to finish the thing dacently, an' a piper there beyant at the shebeen."

This appeal was answered precisely as he wished; and all tongues undertook the office of persuasion, with that blunt and humorous eloquence for which the Irish are so remarkable.

Gallagher himself, though the prime mover of the scheme, said nothing, but appeared to hesitate as to the propriety of so soon adopting the hint which he had caused Harry to throw out.

"Come," said the latter, "what! is it cowin' you are?—*you* an Irishman, and refuse to marry the girl you run away wid! March up here, an' I'll soon tache you another lesson. Peggy, a lannah, he *must* marry you, an' that before a quarther of time. What do you say yourself?" said he, addressing her in a low whisper unheard by the rest.

"You said you'd be my father," said she, "and I leave myself in your hands."

"Whoo!" said Harry, "I knew she had the dacent strain in her; oughtn't you to be ashamed of yourself, Gallagher, to be beat by a young woman in doin' the right thing? Asy, now, all of yees, an' you'll see what I'll show you. Peggy, you know that there's danger to the clergy that marries yees, so don't be frightened, asthore, if you shouldn't see his face or his clothes."

Having thus gained his point, he went out once more, and, in a few minutes, led in a large figure enveloped in a blue druggot quilt, which entirely concealed his person as far as his knees, just exhibiting a pair of stout legs, cased in black gaiters, which, probably, were left visible to establish his clerical character.

But, perhaps, the most ludicrous part of his disguise was the mask which concealed his visage. This consisted of the tin cover of a pot, bent round his face, and tied behind his neck with a string. Opposite the eyes were two holes, large enough to enable this reverend masquerader to take an accurate survey of every thing about him. before the mouth there was a huge slit through which he could breathe, speak, and, if necessary, contrive to swallow a little drink. His whole

figure, which was of an enormous size, produced an irresistibly ludicrous effect, as, indeed, it was calculated to do.

"Don't be alarmed, nabours," exclaimed Harry; "'tis an honest, worthy gentleman, that we respect; and I'll be bound to say, that there's not a clargy in the kingdom can do his work in finer style; he's the man will tie the knot that nothing but death can loose; but the law's dangerous to make or meddle with, and it's no harm, sometimes, to be too many for it."

Gallagher and Peggy were then called forward by Harry, together with another young woman, who was to act as bride's maid; the bridegroom, as we may now call him, selected an acquaintance, as his man upon the occasion, and Harry himself undertook the office of giving away the bride. Every thing being thus arranged, the worthy in the mask commenced the ceremony, and, in a few minutes they were united.

No sooner was the marriage over, than Molly and her two maids set to work with such vigour, that the tables, already placed for the supper, were soon covered with beef, bacon, and fowls in abundance, for the fare was given with a truly Irish heart. The reverend mask did not take the chair upon this memorable night, but he took a

respectful share of the viands which were placed before him, eating and drinking through the tin veil, with a perseverance and effect worthy of an alderman. Now, let not the fastidious reader conclude, that this is a fiction; for, I can assure him, that ceremonies of this nature have frequently taken place at intermarriages between Catholics and Protestants, nor are they yet wholly abolished.

When Peggy Graham's parents were made acquainted, by Harry Moran, with their daughter's marriage, it is unnecessary to add, that they felt the circumstance as a calamity. They were a pious family, who would not have risked her spiritual welfare on account of wealth or temporal prospects, however flattering, by marrying her even to a man professing their own faith, if dissolute or irreligious—for they had too many living examples before their eyes, of the melancholy results produced by such connexions. Here, however, the case was incomparably more distressing; for as Gallagher's character was well understood in the country, they, of course, could not be unacquainted with the slender chance Peggy had for happiness with a man whose ill temper, penuriousness, and bigotry, were proverbial, even among those of his own creed. Indeed, her elope-

ment with him was a matter of astonishment to the latter, who, on hearing of it, generally gave their opinion somewhat in the following words: "Musha, if I know what on airth sich a girl as Peggy Graham could see in the likes of that excuse of a man, little shabby Dan Gallagher! the poor *croil*, that a dacent man would put in his pocket, an' not feel 'im in it afther. Howandiver, the ould saying's right—every eye makes its own beauty—so she'll never rue that step but *wanst*, an' that'll be all her life. I'm sure, he's the last man that one would suspect her to go away wid—but, a hagar, where's the woman could stand out agin a smooth tongue an' a long purse? an' 'tis Dan that has both—although now that he has her, I've a small taste of suspicion, that she'll get more of the one, an' less of the other, nor she thinks."

"Thru for you, Breeidh; an' avourneen, if goodness doesn't put it into her heart to *turn*, depind on it, the same Dan will keep her like a hen on a hot griddle all her life; 'tis little pace he'll give her till she goes his own way."

"He may thry, any how, avourneen; he may thry his hand at it; but sure you oft to know the blood of the Grahams better nor to think that every one of the family would darken a chapel

door; they may fight on the head of it, an' I know Dan will have hard battles or he'll bring her over—'spishily as he has Father Dorneen at his back; but as I sed, you oft to know that the Graham blood will never warm to priest or *padereen*."

"Well, well, a hagar, it'll be the sorrowful match for her, if what you say comes out to be true; she'll have reason to curse the day she iver left her father's hearth, to set off wid the likes of 'im—but she made her own bed, an' now she must lie down upon it."

Immediately after her marriage, the pious clergyman who had taken such pains in forming her religious principles, called upon her father, to ascertain what course he intended to adopt with respect to his daughter.

"Sir," said Graham, "I think there is but one course to be taken, and that is, as we say, to make the most of a bad bargain. I am determined to send for her and her husband, because I think she will stand more in need of my advice and guidance now than she ever did."

"I perfectly agree with you," said the worthy minister; you have anticipated the opinion which I intended to give you upon this subject; for I fear she *will* require not only your advice, but your consolation and sympathy. I am well aware

of the dexterity and perseverance with which her religious tenets will be beset; these must be guarded, and if you renounced her now, my friend, you would rend asunder ties which, by still binding her heart to her family, may preserve unbroken the strength of those principles, that might otherwise yield to the temptations and trials likely to be brought against them. Do not you leave her friendless: as for me, I shall endeavour to impress upon her heart the necessity of a pure faith and a patient acquiescence in the Divine will."

This excellent man spoke not upon the probable consequences of intermarriages without experience; he well knew the arts and expedients resorted to, for the purpose of bringing heretics in such circumstances into the pale of that Church, without whose limits, her followers believe, there is no salvation. He was, however, a moderate man, who could allow for those peculiar opinions, when based upon ignorance and zeal without knowledge; for who is there with such a dreadful belief in the eternal condemnation of those who are dear to the heart, so reckless of their future happiness, as not to attempt, by every possible means, to rescue them from the terrible fate to which they think them exposed? What an anomalous union of charity and uncharitableness do such

opinions present! for that a wish to secure their eternal happiness proceeds from charity, is as true as that the religious dogma of exclusive salvation upon which it is founded, is wicked and unscriptural.

Perhaps it would be difficult to select, from among the many intermarriages which have taken place in Ireland, one more strongly illustrative of their unhappy consequences than this. When Gallagher found that his wife's parents did not exhibit that bitterness of spirit which, from their attachment to Protestantism, he anticipated, but, on the contrary, received him and her with a kindness for which neither of them was prepared, he reasoned upon the matter in a manner perfectly accordant with his character. Instead of appreciating their liberality and forbearance, he assumed a tone of insolent superiority, and characterized their conduct as precisely that which it *ought* to be, to so wealthy a man as he was. "'Tis not every day," said he to his wife, ere the first three months of their union had elapsed, "that they could expect such a match for their daughter. A man that can buy the whole family from the gallows in point of the 'needful,' surely ought not, Peggy alannah, to be thrated with harshness. You see they knew better, darlin', and

'twas proud in their sleeves they were, that you had sinse to put the right foot foremost, as you did."

"My family are not wealthy, I grant," replied Peggy, "but they are independent, and have always been respectable. They have lived for two centuries upon the possessions which they occupy at present, and preserved a good name during all that time; surely that ought to entitle them to respect from you, even if regard for my feelings should fail in making you mention them in a manner less offensive."

"Why, darlin', I do respect them for *your* sake; they're poor, dacent, strugglin' people, that can live from hand to mouth, and that's all very well; but you don't expect me to consider them jintlemen and ladies. Troth, I believe, I tuck the only lady that ever was in the family from among them. Thin, Peggy, how did it happen that sich an ugly fellow as I am was able to flatter you at all? Egh? Ah, thin, 'tis you girls that like to be kept snug. 'If you marry Dan Gallagher,' says your friends about the fire some evening, 'your bread 'ill be baked for life—you needn't wet your foot or bend your finger; and, to crown all—the jauntin' car. Well, alannah, an' haven't you all that? and you'll have more, too; may be it's a gig itself I'd get for

you, now that I'm growin' so rich, if you'll set out your purty foot, and head down towards the chapel some Sunday with myself."

The sneering tone in which he spoke of her family, and his illiberal suspicion, implying their knowledge of her elopement, cut Peggy to the heart, and her eyes filled with tears: on that part of his conversation, however, she disdained to make any farther remark; but when he alluded to her change of religion, her eyes sparkled with something like indignation, and she instantly dried her tears.

"Dan," she exclaimed firmly, "before I ever consented to become your wife, you promised, with all the seriousness of an oath, never to ask me, either directly or indirectly, to change my religion. Is it manly in you to harass me upon that subject, when you know that my mind is fixed?"

"Hut tut, Peggy, what signifies a promise made when a man's in love? sure he'll promise oceans thin—but nobody ever expects 'im to keep them. Troth, an' as to the religion, I'll never give you up upon it, darlin'—never—but, as I'm a bad arguer myself, I'll bring Father Dorneen to rason with you, an' I'll engage he'll soon show you

what your church is. You know, dear, it's but right to hear for an' aginst."

"Well," said Peggy, with a smile, "I'll make a bargain with you, and it's this—I'll allow Father Dorneen to show me the errors of *my* church, if you'll allow Mr. R—— to show you the errors of *yours*—isn't that fair?—*you know it's right to hear for and against.*"

"Why, thin, you little smilin' knave you, is it coming over me that way you are?—but it won't do, darlin'. If my religion was an upstart like yours, I'd hear him, but as I'm a mumber of the ould true church of St. Peter, you see it's not necessary. Any how, it's not that cantin' ould fellow I'd hear, that's dotin' heartily, years ago. God forbid I'd let any of his kind under my roof with such an intention—'tisin't me that'll ever become a mumber of a fat beef-eatin' church like yours."

"I think," replied his wife, "that to eat voluntarily, and fast against one's will, amounts nearly to the same thing."

"Well, well, you'll know more about it after Thursday next, as we're to have a station here on that day. In the mane time, darlin', make up your mind to be convinced, for, with a blessing, I'm resolved to send you to confession before long.

I'll get you baptized first though, an' I'll stand godfather for you myself, darlin'."

Peggy saw clearly that under this half-jocular mode of treating the subject, there lay a serious and fixed determination to force upon her mind a belief in the doctrines held by her husband. This disturbed her very much, and to heighten her apprehensions, every day developed some darker trait in his character. He was, in fact, as incapable of those decencies which render life at all agreeable, as he was of tender or disinterested attachment. His usual mode of attaining an object was, to introduce the matter in a good-humoured manner, by way of discovering the opinion which might be entertained upon it; after which he descended gradually to a bitter and earnest perseverance, artful, cutting, and tyrannical.

The fact is, that old Graham's view of the matter eventually proved correct; and the affectionate consideration which induced him to open his door and his arms to an erring daughter, re-awakened in her breast the influence of those principles against which, in her undutiful abandonment of his protection, she had for a time hardened her heart. Nor were the good minister's anticipations less accurate. Time rolled on,

and Peggy, in flying from the domestic persecution to which she was exposed, wept many a bitter tear upon the bosoms of her sorrowing and affectionate parents. She became the mother of three girls and two boys, of whom, only the two latter, who were the last of her children, survived.

Up to this period of her life, every day deepened the affliction which she entailed on herself. On taking the rash step which first led to her sorrows, she did not, it is true, foresee what was to happen, because in the buoyancy of youthful pride, she contemplated nothing but the wealth of Gallagher, who, with all his vulgarity, had, by his father's industry and his own, joined to the knavery of both, actually realized some thousands. She had beauty, and as beautiful women frequently do, she made her calculations upon the influence she must eventually establish over a man inferior to herself in intellect, in family, in education, in every thing but wealth. Never were expectations more sadly disappointed, nor speculations more blindly laid. She not only failed in gaining an influence over her husband, but found her own good sense by no means a match for his cunning. And so miserable did his natural ill temper, darkened by his bigotry, render her life,

that before they were many years united, even that beauty, on which she had depended, deserted her. His incessant tongue was never at rest upon the subject of her conversion; he gnawed her spirit continually, as with a poisoned tooth, destroying at once her peace of mind and her health.

Every effort, however, at producing a change in her religious principles failed, and one would suppose that a man of Gallagher's shrewdness would have seen the folly of sacrificing his own happiness, or his wife's health and peace of mind, to so hopeless an attempt. Perhaps he might have abandoned it altogether from despair, had he been permitted to exercise his own judgment only upon the matter. But one evening, as he and Father Dorneen were departing from an inn in the next town, in which they had been drinking, after having discussed the point in question, the priest brought him over, and laying the point of his whip upon a stone, asked—"Do you see any thing remarkable in that stone, Dan?"

"No," replied the other, "nothing particular."

"Do you not see how it is worn away by the constant dropping from the eave above it? You know the proverb, and understand me. I grant you should manage the matter as delicately, and

with as little pain as possible; but my advice is—persist—persist—persist, sir, and depend upon it, she will not endure to the end.”

“Yes, but I have been persisting for years, an’ what is the upshot? why, that she’s a blacker Protestant now by five hundred degrees, than she was when I married her. But that doting ould minister and her own people is the cause of it. You see she never misses church, nor the bread and wine when they eat it. She’s regular night and morning at her prayers—is continually ding- ing her scripthur into the ears of them two slips of boys, and I’d kiss the book she has Tom a Protestant, as it is. As for Ned, I’m not afraid of *him*—young as he is, he hates all their sort. Thin what vexes me most is, that I can never get her out of timper—it’s no matter what I say, or what I do, she’s unmoveable. ’Twas the other day I threatened to prevint her from going to her father’s, and I *did* prevint her for a month or so; she went to her room and prayed, but never said ill I did it. I next threatened to prevint her from going to church, but she found her tongue thin, an’ tould me I had not that authority in *this* country; and added to the back of that, that I could not exclude the presence, nor the power, nor the

support of God, who would hear her prayer in a dungeon as fast as in a palace."

"Dan, we must get her over, and a tip-top Catholic she'd make; 'tis a thousand and a thousand pities that such a woman should go by the perpendicular descent. No, no, her soul we must save by hook or by crook."

"It's the only care, Father Dorneen, that's a trouble to me in this world: but isn't she handy at the argument and the scripthur? why she has the scripthur at her finger ends. The never a one of her but's a match for yourself at it; and between us both, I think she sometimes gives you the worst of the battle."

"Why—hem—a hem—why, to tell the truth, she gives unhappy hits: but you know you couldn't expect her, by no manner of means to be such a divine as I am; however, I'm willing to grant that she is a tartar at the Scriptures."

"But how am I to manage with Tom, Father Dorneen? She insists upon sending him to Mr. Levins' school, where that Bible of theirs is all in all: do you think there is any danger? He's certainly a man that could furnish him with a fine education; and the boy himself wants me to give him a race of Latin and Greek."

"Send him, Dan—send him; I don't think Levins would attempt to pervert him. You must make some trifle of sacrifice on your part, and you will have better grounds to gain your point with her. One may throw a sprat to catch a salmon any day. What do you intend to do with the other lad?"

"Is it Ned?—I hardly know: he doesn't take to his larning at all; he's all for sport and devilment. If I can give him as much figures as will make him up for my own business, I'll be satisfied; but I doubt that, for he'll larn nothing. As for the other, he swallows it like new milk; and I've notions of making a priest of him."

"A very good plan: well, Dan, I'll bid you good evening; but remember we must save that woman by hook or crook."

"You had better come up and sit awhile, sir, till we hear what mind she's in to-night upon the subject. I'll only ask you to take a single tumbler."

"Hem—why I'll go up; but the truth is, Dan, I'm not in an argumentative mood at present; so that I would rather not enter into a discussion till I'm in better spirits."

"Very well, sir, just as you please; at all events, come up."

On reaching Dan's house, a scene presented itself, which, as it strongly exhibits the contrast between their two sons, we will detail. The mother was sitting in the parlour when they entered, with Tom's head upon her lap; the poor boy's eyes were quite heavy, and his cheeks pale as ashes. She was in the act of binding a clean linen cloth about his temples, from which the blood was oozing out profusely: during the operation she wept bitterly; though the boy himself—who had received a deep cut—showed no symptoms of anger or impatience, but lay with a calm sorrowful countenance, rather expressive of fear than of any other feeling.

"What, in the name of all that's dreadful, is this?" exclaimed the father, on seeing the state of the boy. "In the name of heaven, Peggy, what has happened to Tom, that's he's bleeding in this manner?"

The boy looked mournfully in the father's face, and said in a low voice, "I'm not much hurted, father; when the blood stops, I'll be well enough."

"I will tell you how it happened," replied the mother, "when I get this bandage tied; I trust he's not seriously injured, although I would re-

commend you, Dan, to send into town for Doctor M'Mahon."

"Mrs. Gallagher, will you allow me to look at the wound," said Father Dorneen: "I'm a bit of a doctor, ma'am, as well as a divine; and perhaps I may be able to pronounce upon it."

"I fear, sir," said she, looking significantly at him, that it wouldn't be prudent to take off the bandage at present, as it might occasion the cut to bleed afresh."

"Am I not worth hearing how it happened, Peggy?" said Gallagher, peevishly—"is it to be kept a secret from *me*?"

The word was scarcely spoken, when Father Dorneen's wig took flight to the opposite side of the room, together with a certain dark substance resembling a turf, which, after breaking a window pane, came in direct contact with his reverence's head, against which it glanced, taking, as I said, that part of his dress along with it, and leaving his round bald head exposed.

Every eye was instantly turned towards the window, when the first object they perceived, was Ned's face, with a broad grin upon it, looking at them through the broken pane.

His appearance was in perfect keeping with his conduct: his eyelids were drooping—his face torn

and scratched—his lips swelled—and, to finish the picture, one of his eyes was as black and polished as ebony. In the mean time, as he had occasioned them alarm, he was determined to contribute to their amusement by singing the following verses—

“Och! farewell, father—farewell, mother—  
Farewell, friends—and farewell, foes;  
I now will go and court some other,  
For love it was the cause of all my woes.  
Whoo—yer sows in there—ha, ha, ha!”

and he blinked in as before, with the same grin on his face, heightened to a most ludicrous degree by the droop of the black eye. “Here’s another verse for yees:

Och—go vickha ma’n lha a veish toirth or wick,  
Arrum Rhee Shorrah broiutha lhug,  
Putthaghee yohmen scarhe chr bohor;  
Misha failh vaish lha brodho shud;  
Agus oh vanithee woil boiroh orht?”

“Is the thief mad?” exclaimed Dan—“or may be ’tis drunk he is?”

“Yes,” replied his mother, “I believe you are nearer the truth now.”

The father disappeared, but instantly returned with Ned before him, singing odd verses as they occurred to him, and accompanying his voice with

suitable gesture. The moment he entered the room, he wheeled about, and extended his hand to his father, exclaiming—

“Dan, you nate ould boy, give us a shake of the fist;” and he staggered to the other side of the room as he spoke. “You won’t! Well, if you don’t, that for you!” and he snapped his fingers in his face—“that for you;—and who’s this wid a head on him like a bladder of lard—eh? Oh, Father Dorneen ’tis you’s my vourneen—ha, ha, ha!—The priest of the parish has lost his cap, some says this, and some says that—but I say the priest and myself will have a dance: come, yer reverence, cut the buckle.”

“Easy, Dan,” said Father Dorneen to his parent, who appeared about to beat him savagely, “easy, man—don’t you see the boy’s drunk, and it’s perfectly useless to beat him now.”

“Father,” said Tom, “don’t strike him, for he doesn’t know what he’s saying or doing; he’s beside himself with what he drank.”

“I believe you’re right,” replied the father—“’tis no use in striking him till he gets sober, but how did this come at all, Peggy?”

Ere the mother had time to reply, Ned had the priest by the two hands, and was dragging him out to dance “the priest in his boots”—he

himself springing from the ground as nimbly as the intoxication permitted him. In fact, he pulled him several times, despite of his father's interference, across the floor, bald as he was; for so rapid were Ned's movements, that the priest had not had time to adjust his dress.

"I say," said Ned, "no man will prevint us dancin': where's Tom?—mother, where's Tom? —Protestant Tom, as we call him, that would neither *join* nor taste the liquor; it's asy known there's more of the Graham nor the Gallagher in him—

'The See of Cork, a spirityll lord,  
That has revolted lately'—

Tom, avourneen, is that you? What ails you, Tom?—cut, is it? Oh! murdher, murdher, Tom!—that's where I *hot* you with the stone! Oh! murdher, murher, I kilt him! I kilt my brother! Tom, agrah, will you forgive Ned, beautiful Ned?" and he dropped on his knees, took his brother in his arms, kissed him, and wept.

Poor Tom, who was as much affected by his sorrow, as if it had not been produced by the drink, returned his caresses, and they both wept in each other's embrace. Ned, however, being now exhausted, in consequence of the unnatural

excitement produced by the great quantity of ardent spirits he had drunk, hung his head over the back of a chair, soon fell asleep, and was instantly carried to bed.

"Now," said the father, "that I have time to ask, what has put him in this condition?"

"It appears," said Mrs. Gallagher, "that this being the Saturday before Palm Sunday, the master has given them their Easter holidays; the boys *joined* to have a treat among themselves, each paying a certain sum, at which treat Mr. Nulty himself was the head. Poor Ned, along with many others, got drunk; and, on hearing this, I sent Tom to bring him home; he refused to come, and on the other pressing him, lifted a stone and struck him senseless, leaving him as you see."

"Yes," added Tom, "but he was tipsy, father, and had no knowledge of what he did; father, will you forgive him, and promise not to send him to that school any more?"

"Indeed, Dan," observed Mrs. Gallagher, "he is less to blame than the master who countenanced him in his debauch. I have frequently begged of him," she continued, addressing herself to Father Dorneen, "to take Ned from Tim Nulty, and put him under the care of Mr. Levins, who is capable of giving him a liberal education,

and of furnishing his mind with principles that would serve him, not only now, but in after life."

"You may send the same blessed youth where you please for me," said the priest, who was replacing his wig, and feeling his bones in order to ascertain which of them was most hurt—"you may *send* him where you please; as for himself, I'm afraid he will *go* no where but to the devil, for he is the cream of a bad boy, and will come to no good."

"His father," said the mother, "is acting a most unwise, if not a criminal, part towards him. He is altogether, not only neglecting his education as to learning, but, what is far worse, his immortal soul. The boy is every day becoming more hardened, idle, and reprobate; though, I will venture to ~~say~~, that if he had been kept under the influence of moral and religious care, he would have become far different from what he appears; for he is kind and affectionate, notwithstanding his wildness."

"Father Dorneen," said Dan, "I *will* send them both to Levins; as for Tim Nulty, he takes no care of them; his horn's up to nothing but dances, patrons, fightin', and hurlin' matches, along with drinkin' and other divilry—that he's too fond of. Any way, how could poor widow

Nulty's son, a crathur that knows nothing, and never had an opportunity of knowing it, tache boys any thing deep or useful?"

"If you take my advice," said the priest, "you will put a spade in his hand, and keep his nose to the grinding-stone as closely as possible. He's now too much grown for schooling; keep him employed, if you wish to get any good of him; and that you can only do by his avoiding idleness."

"He's a deep and grievous anxiety to me," observed his mother, with a sigh, "and I tremble when I look forward to his future life. I see there are cases in which an undue partiality to a child, on the part of a parent, becomes a curse. Had his mind been improved, and his principles duly cultivated by religious impressions, early made—had he been kept from the immoral contagion of such schools as Tim Nulty's, whose very example is destruction to a young person—had his duties been inculcated as they ought, perhaps——."

"Ay, perhaps!—will you keep your high-flown English to yourself, woman," exclaimed the husband, peevishly; "where's the use in talking about what can't be helped? If he had been born a Saint, or a Protestant, it would have satis-

he utterly neglected, was left altogether to the care and instruction of his mother. This, therefore, and no material difference of character in the boys, produced the strong and deplorable contrast between them.

"Take him," the father would say to his mother, "make what you please of him; he seems to have more of your own blood in him than of mine. He's a Graham, out an' out—he loves the Grahams—he has their features—an' I suppose you'll contrive that he'll have their religion into the bargain. But mind my words, Peggy: if he turns Protestant, an' disgraces *my* family, out of this he'll pack, bag and baggage—for a shilling belonging to me he'll never possess—an' I don't know but you'll tramp along with him. Then we'll see what your family will do for you both. Well I know the stiff-necked breed you're of, which is only truth; for if you warn't as stiff as whalebone, tish't to this day you'd be going to a Protestant church, darlin', and your husband going to a Catholic chapel. But never fear that I'll give you up: no—night an' day I'll siege you, till you either go to mass as you ought to do, or else go from me wherever you choose."

Scarcely a day passed in which she did not re-

ceive a wasting lecture of this nature; true, however, is that precept of the wise man, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and *when he is old* he will not depart from it." Mrs. Gallagher felt the value of an early religious education; for though in the hey day of youth, she forgot for a moment the duties she had been taught so well, yet *now*, that she was visited by affliction and trials, the impressive lessons of early piety she had received, diffused their holy light around the dark path of sorrow in which she trod. Every day deepened her sense both of human weakness and divine support: yet she was not without friends who felt for her difficulties with a sympathy not less tender than it was Christian. The pious pastor who had first formed her mind, was still ready to console and support her; her parents, who now loved her more than ever, cherished and encouraged her—and when removed from the solace which their conversation and advice afforded, the word of God was her inseparable companion; and prayer her constant exercise, during every moment which her domestic duties spared her for "that better part." Let it not be imagined, however, that positive suffering, arising from Gallagher's severity to herself, on account of her steadfastness, was the principal cause of her

sorrow. No, no, she was far from being so selfish: on the contrary, as a believing wife, her affliction was sharpened more by the irreligious state of her husband and son, than by any external trial, however personal in its operation upon herself. Under the heavy dispensation allotted to her, she was supported by the peace of God; but the utter insensibility to the solemn—the terrible call to Christian duty, manifested by her son and husband, was the sword which pierced her spirit; for she not only felt for them as a Christian—she felt also as a wife and as a mother.

Gallagher was frequently at a loss how to dispose of his younger son, Tom: sometimes, as he said to the priest, he was determined to put him into the church; but in truth he felt too little interest in him to bestow much consideration upon his prospects in life, or the means of establishing them. The boy, probably, saw this; and, probably, the necessity of qualifying himself for some independent pursuit might have been suggested to him by his mother. Without undertaking to determine this point, it is only necessary to say, that from whatever motive Tom acted, he had, at the period in which he was introduced to the reader, made himself, without his father's knowledge, a tolerable proficient in classical

learning. Such was the adverse nature of Gallagher's disposition, that it is more than likely had he known of his son's attention to this branch of study, he would have at once forbidden him to pursue it; in which case the latter would have immediately given it up.

Ned, on the other hand, was now nearly seventeen; and if not altogether illiterate, yet grossly ignorant and uneducated. From his father's partiality, he concluded that the bulk of his property would descend to him: and this wise reflection induced another, which was equally sapient, that in this case he could enjoy it as well, and far better, than his father, without the toil of acquiring education. At school, as he grew up, he became the companion and confidant of his master; a tyrant, with impunity, to his school fellows; and an impediment to the education—if it could be called so—of others. Nulty was always embarrassed by some particular distress; and Ned was ever ready, by some scheme founded upon the abstraction of his father's property, to relieve him. This deprived the master of all influence, in a salutary way, over his pupil, and left the latter at liberty to read or be idle, just as he pleased.

Nulty, in fact, was one of those village teachers

who have contributed to give this unhappy country such an elevated position in the annals of political crime; and Ned was not long under his care, until he felt the poisonous influence of his example. Not that the lad was remarkable, at first, for any peculiar propensities to wickedness; he was thoughtless, indeed, and incapable of systematic assiduity in the pursuit of those acquirements that might improve his mind and regulate his principles. Under Nulty, however, his idleness soon became a habit, which the man felt a direct interest in confirming. At home, the poor neglected boy was under no check, for his father's proverbial parsimony was relaxed towards him, and his demands for pocket money were supplied with a liberality which surprised the neighbours. The ignorant father was certainly incapable of ascertaining his progress in education, but he was proud of him; he said he resembled himself and his family—retained all their religious prejudices—and he felt it impossible to deny him any thing. In the course of a short time, he began to reap the first fruits of his own wisdom. Ned, on entering his nineteenth year, had advanced from idleness and ignorance, to dissipation and profligacy. He was a connoisseur in breeding game cocks, and celebrated as an encourager of

cock-fighting, he was also a sportsman—an excellent shot—a badger and bull baiter—almost a drunkard—and, in consequence of his reckless horsemanship, was permitted, from the admiration which his skill and intrepidity excited, to join the country gentlemen in the field—but only in the field, for his vulgarity would have disqualified him for companionship with their grooms. He was not however, at a loss for associates; Nulty and he were inseparable—and this intimacy was certainly very much to the advantage of the former, who drew largely upon the inexperienced generosity of his thoughtless companion. In certain emergencies, when the pretended distresses of Nulta were represented to be pressing, Ned would privately sell his father's oats or potatoes to relieve him; but this was never resorted to when cash was ready with Gallagher. Among the peasantry, Ned was popular; to which Nulty, in no small degree, contributed; for he not only praised him outrageously to his face, but behind his back, especially to those who he knew would take care that his eulogium should reach its object on the very first opportunity. But independently of this, there were other and better causes for his popularity.—He was on a level with the people—joined in all their sports and diversions—fought in fairs and

markets along with them—and, thanks to the infamous craft of his excellent friend and master, Nulty, was inveigled into the dark and secret system of Ribbonism. Such were Ned Gallagher's accomplishments ere he reached the twentieth year of his age.

Our readers will easily suppose that Mrs. Gallagher could not contemplate the gradual progress of her neglected son, in vice and dissipation, without suffering a corresponding weight of sorrow and distress. But what could avail her remonstrances with a man so ignorant and intractable as her husband, whose life was one continued system of aggression upon her peace of mind and religious principles. She did not shrink, however, from her duty; meekly, but solemnly, and with streaming eyes, did she implore this infatuated man, to look after the life and principles of his dissolute son. Yet all in vain. "What do you see about him," he would reply, "so bad entirely? I know he's a little wild, an' what is he the worse for that, woman? Don't you know that a wild coult makes a steady horse, an' a reformed rake, a good husband. You can't put an ould head upon young shoulders, can you? But any way I'd rather have him what he is, than to be like your pet—a lump of a long-faced Methodist—ha, ha, ha! Sure I

know you don't love a bone in his body, an' for that rason, my little darlin', I'll just do with him as it's plasin' to myself."

"Dan," replied she, "treat me not so unjustly as to say I don't love him; the bitter tears I shed on his account, are a sufficient proof of that. Is he not my son, and am I not his mother?" and the tears burst from her eyes as she spoke; "but it is for his immortal welfare that I feel most; for he lives as if there were no God, or no future account to be rendered of his present life."

"Why it's a thousand pities that you warn't a man, for you'd be a bishop long ago, by your prachin'. Your ould minisither, R—— will never be dead while you're livin'. Hasn't the boy a long time before him, woman? an' do you think he won't settle down into soberness, like thousands of others, who were as rollicking in their young days as he is? But once for all—an' I've tould it to you before now—I won't be thwarted, an' *ett*, and gnawed this way, about 'im. You, an' that *sober-sides* of a brother of his, gives me more trouble. You have both now but seven days of your time to come, an' as sure as the sun's in the firmament—an' that's sure enough—if *you* don't go to mass, and *he* to confession, your father must have the feeding of yees, for out of this house

you'll both thravel. If my wife and son are to be damned, I'll take care the sin of it won't be on my head."

"Dan," said his wife, "look at those hands—look at my face—listen to the difficulty with which I speak and breathe—see my hair that you once admired so much; it is quite gray—has not even the doctor said, that care and a quiet mind are necessary for my recovery—yet you know what left me the wreck you see me. On the point of religion I am, and ever will be, immoveable. Did I not read the books which were put into my hands, that I might be able to compare your religion with mine? and did I not assure Father Dorneen, that their perusal only confirmed me in my own? I beg and entreat you not to persist in your design of bringing me over; but let me beseech you to reflect, that it is an awful omission to pass through life, without even thinking that God will demand from us an account of the deeds done in the flesh."

"Now that's the very way you always torment me—why can't you talk without prachin'? I believe you think nobody's a Christian but yourself."

"No," she replied, "I fall far short of what I might and ought to be; but as I do not rely upon my own works, but on the merits of my Saviour,

who died for me and all sinners, I trust that my faith in his Atonement will be accepted."

"This is the upshot of readin' scripthur—gettin' into deep doctrines that people like you or me have no right to know—nor any body but the clargy, that has the larnin' to understand them."

"You, Dan, have an immortal soul to be saved; now I put it to you, whether your priest, to whom you go so regularly to confession, does not condemn you for your neglect of Ned. Should you not be pleased, as his father, and as a Christian man, to see him steady, sober, and religious, instead of being a cock-fighter, a quareller, and a drunkard, as he is."

"I'll tell you what—if you'll come to mass I'll reform him; that is, if you'll turn over to us, body and bones. I will—ay—have him as tame as you plase in a month's time."

"And do you think I could comply with rites, which, with my knowledge of the word of God, would cover me with sin, in order to see my son lend himself to act the part of a hypocrite? No, no, Dan, you ought to reform him on far different principles."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—an' 'tis the last offer I'll ever make—there's Tom—you love

him—now I'll halve my property between him and Ned, if you'll die a Roman Catholic."

"That, indeed, would be selling my birth-right for a mess of pottage. But if I *did* consent to such a bargain, would you take me from such motives as a convert to your religion?"

"Ay, an' be glad to get you—sure the priest would make it up for you, honey, other ways. But do you suppose, Margaret, that if I thought you could be saved where you are, I would ever have said a word to you upon the subject? The Lord sees my heart, that I'd give every shilling I have in the world, an' be content to beg all my days, only to see your soul saved. While you have breath in your body, I'll keep to you—an' 'twill be the last word you'll hear from me as you're lavin' the world, if you happen to go before me. Mind my words—you and your son have the seven clear days before you, an' if you don't come to mass, and he to confession, you must both lave this; and by the same token, here's Father Dorneen comin' up to the house."

Mrs. Gallagher, was in fact exhausted; for between the slow, but well meant persecutions of her husband, and her ceaseless anxiety for her son Ned, her constitution and health were nearly gone.

"If you had been in a little sooner, Father Dorneen," said Dan to the priest, whom he went out to meet, "you'd have heard another arguin' match. I'm afraid I may as well give her up; she *has* too much of the Graham blood in her, ever to hear a mass."

"Well, we'll have another trial yet, man; I'm getting a new curate, Dan—a fellow that has logic enough to prove black, white; but did you mention the plan about the expulsion?"

"May be I didn't—an' the poor crathur was near takin' me on the soft side, when she held out her wasted hands and arms—heighho! I love her, Father Dorneen—as well as my own life; but isn't that the rason why I take the trouble about her I do."

"I am afraid Tom, now that he's grown, is as obstinate as she is; you did wrong in allowing that boy to stay so much with her; but it can't be helped now; only in sending Mrs. Gallagher to her father's do not, by any means, expel him along with her—for we can manage him much better in her absence."

"Dear knows, Father Dorneen, it's a curse to be married to one of them at all. I wish I had put a gown upon an honest Catholic girl, let her

be ever so homely—but I should be for beauty, and much I've made of it."

"It's no such thing, man—it's no curse in general—we have gained many from them by intermarriages; for which reason we always encourage them—and your case is only an exception to the general rule."

The priest and Dan did not separate until the plan of expulsion was thoroughly digested; but they were exceedingly mistaken in supposing that its execution would be a very severe punishment to Mrs. Gallagher. In fact, an asylum in her father's house, to which she had often been invited, should her husband's conduct render such a refuge necessary—ought to have been a solace to her broken heart.

"Dan," asked the priest, as he was about to go, "what age is your son Tom, now?"

"Why, I believe he's in his eighteenth year. Dear me, Father Dorneen, how time runs; there's Ned, two years older, and I suppose will soon be lookin' out for a wife."

"If he does," replied the priest, "I have one in my eye for him, a relation of my own."——

As he was about to proceed, a tap came to the door, and the priest desired the person, whoever it

might be, to enter—as he spoke, one of Dan's boatmen entered the room.

"Why, Bartle," said Dan, "are you back so soon? but, I suppose the new horses—I bought a new set, clane, Father Dorneen, for the corn boats—an ocean of money the same horses cost me—but it was well laid out—an' Bartle, how did they do?"

"Och, an' thim's the flesh, all out; why, sir, the canal couldn't stand afore them—the best crathurs they are, under the sun, (there's a letther, sir, from Masther Tom,) or above it either."

"From Masther Tom! why, where did you see Masther Tom, as you call 'im? an' it's long before you'd say Masther Ned. Where could you see him, an' he at his grandfather's."

"I seen him in Dublin, sir."

"Father Dorneen, you'll read that. My clerk's gone home—he laves me at six—an' I am no hand at readin' writin' myself, because, you see, he does it all for me. In Dublin!—why that beats cock-fightin'—as Ned says. Arrah, Bartle, did he tell you what he was doin' in Dublin?"

"Hough-ogh oh!" ejaculated the priest, with a deep groan, "*fáiriehr gairh!* and is it come to this? But I knew it; ay, ay!—a draw-well—

no, 'tis as deep as the salt sea they are—that wife of yours is unfathomable; you, poor brainless creature, you never were a match for her—listen:—

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“I have no apology to plead for not acquainting you with the step which I have taken in life. Without communicating my intention to any one, I privately prepared myself for entering the University of Dublin. Thanks to the learning and kindness of Mr. Levins, I was enabled, under his excellent and able instructions, to read closely and efficiently, what is called the Sizar Course. Having accomplished this, I came privately to Dublin—stood for a Sizarship, which I obtained. This, certainly, was an honour I did not expect—but it is one, the credit of which is due to Mr. Levins, rather than to me.

“There is now a point on which I am called to speak, and that is—Religion. From the moment I have been able to read, and think, and act for myself, I have not been a Roman Catholic. My dear mother's religion was mine—and, you know, never was religion enforced by a brighter example—mine by free choice, not by her solicitation, for she left me to my own judgment. Do not, my dear father, I most solemnly beseech you, treat her harshly on my account. She is to this moment ignorant of the design with which I studied so closely, and will be as much surprised at it, as you can be. I cannot, however, rest here. I have, I trust, by the kindness of the Rev. Mr. R——, got friends who are pleased to take an interest in me—a rare case, I grant, for an unknown young man like me—I have, however, such friends, and the consequence of their patronage is, that I have got a situation as usher in a school, by which I am independent.

"You will have the goodness to show this letter to my mother; I knew her conscientiousness, and views of filial duty, and concluded, that had I admitted her to the knowledge of the course I was about to pursue, she would immediately have communicated it to you.

"With respect to me, I relieve you from all trouble as to providing for me in life—I waive all claims to any share of your property. I am a young man accustomed to live frugally, and ask nothing more than that which my humble exertions may produce me.

"Remember me to Edward, and tell him nothing would give me such pleasure as to hear that he has betaken himself to sober and industrious pursuits.

"I am, my dear Father, your affectionate son,

"THOMAS GALLAGHER."

"There's your brother, for you!" said the priest to Ned, who had come in during the perusal of the letter. "But what do *you* say to that, Dan?" addressing the father.

Dan was silent with utter astonishment.

"As to the mother knowing nothing about this," added his reverence, "the thing is a lie. She, and Levins, and her family, all had a hand in it; but I did not think Levins would have dared to tamper with his religious principles."

"It's no lie," said Ned; "Tom wouldn't write a lie about it; an' if my mother *says* she did *not*

know of it, they lie that says to the contrary;" and he commenced whistling to himself.

"Do you mean to say that I lie?" asked the priest, getting red with passion.

"I would rather," said Ned, "that the joint of my thumb was properly set, for it's out of its place. No, I don't mane to say you lie, at all, Father Dorneen, only that if you will insist my mother knew any thing about it, *after she denies it*, you won't spake truth. Mat, go an' get me some turpentine till I rub my thumb with it."

"Ned," said the father, "why do you spake to Father Dorneen in that manner? Is it dacent or respectable?"

"Asy, both of yees," replied Ned; "never fear but *Levins* will be *ped* for it; and as for Tom, let him take his own way—hasn't he a right?—but lave *Levins* to me; I'll engage he'll not make more converts in this nabourhood."

"I might," said Dan, "know it all; I long ago seen it in 'im;" and he sighed bitterly.

Ned, in the mean time, went into another room to have the dislocation of his thumb reduced.

"What's to be done?" said Gallagher to Father Dorneen, who was perusing the ceiling of the room with his lips compressed, and his brows slightly knit, "what *will* I do with him at all?"

"I think you may give him up," said the priest, "for it's not clearer that two and two make four, than that the same youth will die in full dress—the thing is chalked out for him. I'm now twenty-eight years in the robes, and I don't remember that ever one of my flock gave me the lie before, until this promising youth of yours ventured upon it."

"Oh! you're talkin' of Ned, sir. Why, the poor heedless *gomerill*, what matter, what *he* says—you know he never has any harm in it; but the other boy, Father Dorneen, is a thorn in my side that I'm afeerd will never be drawn out of it. Whatever Ned is, and that's bad enough, yet he's no heretic; an' wouldn't I rather the other was a cock-fighter, fifty times over, than have any strain of that kind in him.

"Our best plan is, first, without letting ~~the~~ mother know any thing about the letter, to sift and cross-examine her upon the subject; we can then ascertain whether she has been acquainted with the young fellow's knavish plans, or not."

"Once for all, Father Dorneen, take my word for it, that if she declares to the contrary, you may believe her; for from the first day I ever saw her face till this minute, I never knew her to go from the truth."

"Ah! Dan, Dan, I fear that even with *your* sagacity you have been blinded all along; but let us have her down at all events, and leave the cross-examination to me—hem—not that I'm going to argue Scripture with her, but simply to sift her on this particular subject."

The fact is, that in almost every intermarriage, where the wife is a Protestant, there is most commonly a surrender, on the part of the husband, of personal independence, and of that delicacy which is due to the feelings and privileges of a wife and mother. What man, what husband, possessing spirit or affection for his wife, would permit her to become a butt for the insolence and ignorance of a bigotted and illiterate priest? Yet so it happens, and ever will happen, until the grappling irons of this power are broken, and our peasantry taught to think and act like men whom God has formed for nobler ends than to be the contented slaves of a subtle and ambitious class, who hang upon every religious and political movement among nations, to watch those moments in which they may confirm their authority over mankind.

The appearance of this broken-hearted woman, would have melted the soul of any man but a dark and unfeeling bigot. So long had she been

accustomed to habits of passive and unresisting obedience to this slave—who, unhappily, was invested with a husband's authority over her—that in every thing, but the abandonment of her religious faith, she obeyed him, as a child would crouch under the brow of a tyrant master in a village school. And, perhaps, it was the exhibition of this broken spirit on her part, that induced the priest and her husband to hope, that, by increasing her load of misery, in proportion to her declining strength, they might ultimately succeed in changing her religious opinions.

When she entered the room, her manner was meek and solemn, yet anxious. Affliction and time, though they had made a wreck of her beauty, left behind them a character of sorrow and suffering, far more touching than that impressed by strong, but transient calamity. Her forehead, which had, in her youth, been beautiful, was now pale, and marked by the deepening furrows of care; and her eyes, though still lustrous, shone with melancholy light, calm and meditative. On her cheek lay a red hue, that for some months had deepened into a tint, which a practised eye could at once determine as incompatible with the wasting nature of her affliction. Yet there was about her mouth a sweetness unsubdued

by sorrow, which the slightest word or phrase of kindness would awaken into a smile expressive of the strong tenderness and affection of her disposition. Her dress, for many years before this period, had been plain and grave, but still neat and tasteful; and though all that fulness of person which indicates health and freedom from anxiety, was completely gone, yet there was about her a degree of natural grace, which blended in mournful beauty with her misery.

Aware of the presence of Father Dorneen, and of her husband's expressed determination to turn her out of doors, if she would not strain her judgment to believe what it condemned—she betrayed a sense of apprehension and nervous excitement, produced by Gallagher's habits of reproof and her weak health. This, however, was subdued by a serene confidence which beamed from her eye, notwithstanding the fitful alternation of pale and red upon her cheek.

"Father Dorneen, without rising, motioned her to a chair, which she took with as much humility as if she had not been in her own house.

"Hem—hem—this is a beautiful day for the harvest, Mrs. Gallagher. Hem!"

"The weather is excellent, indeed, Father Dor-

neen; if it continues, there is every hope of the crops being abundant."

"Your remark, ma'am, is perfectly correct; very much so, indeed—hem. It is also good travelling weather, ma'am," (a wink at Gallagher,) "excellent weather for travelling—hem!"

"Is it not rather hot, sir?"

"Eh?—rather—rather hot? Why, upon my credibility, it is, except to those who travel on the out—inside, I mean, of the coach; still, with a good worsted comforter, and two or three great coats, to keep out the sun, it's not bad travelling weather for all that—hem!" (another wink at Gallagher.)

Mrs. Gallagher made no reply.

"How did Mr. Thomas travel, Mrs. Gallagher? did he go by coach, ma'am?"

"By coach! Is it to my father's!" she inquired; for Gallagher had prevented both her and her children, from bestowing, on their maternal relations, those epithets which express the degrees of consanguinity. "You know, sir, that no coach runs in this part of the country, much less betwixt this and Mullaghmore."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—I mean where Tom is now. You are aware that a coach runs

from beside your father's, which would bring him to his present abode."

"Why," said Mrs. Gallagher, alarmed, "do you mean to say, Father Dorneen, that Thomas is not at Mullaghmore?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, Mrs. Gallagher—Oh! that's good—ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—excellent ma'am—capital—oh, upon my credibility, that's well managed—ha, ha, ha! Eh? Dan, ar'n't we both bate hollow? Well, well—'tis no matter, ma'am—'tis no matter, Mrs. Gallagher—you're his mother, and we can scarcely blame you for concealing it; and you mustn't be *blempt* for it—that's more. You might have mentioned it, though, if it was only that the young man should have had decent clothes, and some pocket-money, to help him in a strange city."

"Dan," said she turning to him, "I implore you to tell me what he means; has any thing happened to my child?"

"Your child, as you call him, is safe and well enough, and likely to become a great man on our hands; he's no less than in Thrinity College for you, ma'am," replied the husband, "no less than in Thrinity College, darlin'."

"Whether you have an object in this," replied Mrs. Gallagher, her anxiety deepening into serious

alarm, "I cannot say; but you do not well to trifle with the feelings of a mother concerning her absent child; Father Dorneen, I solemnly entreat you to lay before me candidly whatever communication you have to make, and to keep me no longer in this painful state of suspense."

"Look over that, ma'am," replied the priest, "'tis from your son Thomas."

She exhibited great agitation, and her hand trembled so much, that she could scarcely read the letter. On closing it, she looked mournfully at her husband, and her eyes filled with tears. "Poor boy," said she, "he has preferred shaping his own course in life, to the lot of bitterness and sorrow which he was compelled to suffer under his father's roof. You, Father Dorneen, are acquainted with the secrets of our family, and can bear witness to the truth of what I say. His fate here—meek and uncomplaining as he was—oh! Daniel, Daniel, *you* know that fate was hard, and his treatment harsh—my dear child!—yet you know, too, that to none living did he ever utter a complaint—never—he bore all without a murmur, for he loved the hand that was ever up in enmity against him, because that hand was his father's. He is now, however," she continued, wiping away the tears that flowed profusely, "he is now dead to us;

and I—I have lost my best friend and companion, whose affectionate hand was ever ready to wipe away the tears from *my* eyes.” She wept bitterly.

The sincerity of her grief, might, in any other man’s eyes but the priest’s, have fully exonerated her from the suspicion of having privately recommended to Thomas the course which he pursued; the worthy pastor, however, was determined to subject her to a still closer series of interrogatories upon the subject.

“Mrs. Gallagher,” said he, “it would be agreeable to your husband and me, if you told us how long you have known your son’s resolution?”

“I never knew it,” she replied, “nor heard of it until this moment; I never even suspected that he had such an object in view.”

“That’s very odd, ma’am, indeed; and he, as you say, your friend and companion; very odd, Mrs. Gallagher, and perfectly unaccountable; did he never give you any hint of it at all?”

“Never.”

“I dare say your family knew it?”

“Not that I am aware of; perhaps they might.”

“Hem—mighty strange, upon my credibility.”

“Well, well,” observed Gallagher, “it’s of no use to be makin’ any farther inquiries about that;

I believe she knew nothin' of it; but now that you and she, Father Dorneen, are both to the fore, I wish, once for all, to settle whether she and I are to live together in future, or not; that's the point, darlin', I'm comin' to; you know I've tould you for many a long year, that except you'd give in, it would end this way."

The poor heart-broken creature gave a look of entreaty and deprecation at her husband, which ought to have touched any human heart; she remained silent, however, with a strong expression of timidity, if not of terror, on her countenance.

"We are both for your good, Mrs. Gallagher," observed the priest, "small blame to any man for not wishing to see his wife damn—that is, lost eternally."

"You must answer me now, for the last time," said the husband; "can you, or will you consent to become a Roman Catholic, and go to your duties, as I do?"

At this moment her physical weakness was excessively great; she saw the crisis was arrived—but she reflected that by remaining with her husband, she might eventually gain some salutary influence over her other son, whose abandoned life gave greater poignancy to her affliction. To go to her father's would have been, in itself, de-

sirable; but the strength of Christian duty and maternal affection, inclined her to remain near this unfortunate young man. This consideration increased the difficulties of her trial, and she sat for a few minutes, pale, and incapable of getting a word to her lips.

"Mrs. Gallagher," said the priest, giving the matter a new turn, "why would you hesitate, ma'am?—sure, for that matter, there's not so much difference between the two religions, at all, at all—not worth thinking about;" and he winked again at the husband.

"Give us an answer," said the husband; "it is now or never with you; the consequence is before you—never to sleep another night under this roof."

Her tears were now dried up, but her lips were parched, though a slight dewy perspiration broke from her temples, which she wiped feebly.

"Speak out, ma'am," said the priest, "speak out, and may God give you a good resolution."

"If, Dan," she replied, "I am not to remain here except I become a Roman Catholic, my resolution is made; and I must leave you, since you will have it so. It is a point between God and me, in which his written Word is my guide. I am willing to go, for I cannot do that, to oblige

man, which my conscience condemns—excuse me—I am not able to speak—I am very weak.”

The husband gave her a rapid glance, then looked in every direction of the room, and again fixed his eyes more steadily on her sorrowful countenance; her eyes met his, and they gazed on each other for some time; at length her feelings gave way, and the large tears ran silently down her cheeks.

The priest rose, and desired Gallagher to follow him into the next room.

“Dan,” said he, sharply, “is it your intention to send her away?”

He received no answer—the man attempted to speak, but something like strangulation utterly prevented him.

“I see, I see,” said the other, “the fact is, you’re beat—you may as well acknowledge it; that’s your manliness.”

“No,” replied Gallagher, stung by the reproof, “I’ll let you see I’m not bate—she shall go this minute.”

“Observe, I only recommend this as the last trial,” said the priest, “if it fails, you may use your own inclinations afterwards.”

Gallagher instantly ordered the car to be got ready.

"You must go now," said he, when he had re-entered the room in which she sat, "I have ordered the car—in the course of to-morrow, every thing belonging to you will be sent to your father's."

She rose up meekly and submissively, and prepared herself for departure. On collecting a few things, she met a little book, which she took in her hand and gazed on for a short time—she kissed it, and put it in her bosom. It was a small collection of poetry, which she and her son Thomas used to read together, in the absence of the father and Ned.

She then came down with a little bundle in her hand, and entered the parlour, to bid farewell to her husband.

"I cannot part from you, in anger," said she; but her feelings overcame her, and she could utter no more. She extended her hand to him, and from an impulse of some feeling that was new to him, he took it kindly—she looked at him doubtfully, like a child, as if afraid of taking the liberty—but he understood her, and received the kiss which she offered him.

"Farewell, Margaret," said he, "I would save you if I could—God, who is in heaven, sees my heart, I would."

She then bid Father Dorneen farewell, and departed.

When the car drove from the door, Gallagher went to the window, and kept his eyes fixed upon her form, until it was near reaching an angle, that would have taken her out of sight—she turned about on arriving at it, and looked in the direction where he stood, until she disappeared; and immediately he threw himself into a chair, put his hands upon his face, and groaned and wept aloud.

“Oh! Father Dorneen,” said he, “do not blame me. She’s gone—she’s gone from me—and did ever the world produce such another woman! Is it not enough to drive me mad, as it’s breaking my heart, to think such a woman, the wife of my heart for two-and-twenty years, should be lost for ever? If I had ever seen a cloud upon her brow, or got a harsh word from her, I might care less about her—but I find that I never knew until now, how I loved her. Look at her face, there’s death in it; but I wish this plan had never been thought of. May God, in his mercy, forgive me for my usage of her—for I fear, between us, we have broken her heart. Yet any thing, any thing, before my wife should be lost for ever. Oh! Fa-

ther Dorneen, the very thought of it is enough to turn my brain!"

There is no man so utterly destitute of natural feeling, as not to be softened by it some time in his life; the priest was certainly surprised at the vehemence which now characterized the emotion of Gallagher, whose dormant affection for his wife was excited as much by the utter hopelessness of her future salvation, as by an awakened sense of remorse for his harshness and cruel severity towards her.

"Dan," said Father Dorneen—"but here's Ned?—I wonder what he will say when he hears it."

"Very little, very little," replied Gallagher, hastily wiping his eyes, lest the son should witness his grief; "God help him, he hasn't much feelin' for any one—all he minds is his own foolish courses."

Ned, however, saw that something unusual had agitated his father, at whom and the priest he looked actually with astonishment.

"What's this?" said he, "what ails you, father?—in the name of all that's beautiful, is it cryin' you are? what's the matter? eh, Father Dorneen?"

"Your mother's gone from us, Ned!" replied the father, "I sent her away at last."

"Ned said not a word to his father; but instantly turned on his heel—"Come," said he, to the priest, "come, you intherlopin' ould sinner—march—out of the house with you—clear off—here, Phadrick Dalton, get this ould sinner's horse, Father Dorneen's,—come now, you common disturber you—that's good for nothin' only sowin' dissension among families—off you go, out of this; and by the contents of the primer, if ever you show your nose in this house again, I'll read you out from the althar, as you say yourself;—you've been afther poor Tom, because you thought he was a Protestant, or likely to be one—and the same way with my mother, till the life's worn out of her; but myself that's more than half way gone to the devil—did ever you throuble yourself about me?—here now, there's your horse—mount him and show us your horsemanship;—in the mean time, with the blessin' of all the Saints, male an' faymale, my mother will sleep undher this same roof, this same night that's in it—an' out they go that will say agin it, father or priest, I don't care a rush which."

The fact is, the young fellow was in one of his determined moods, and would not be gainsaid by

either of them. Father Dorneen, however, on finding the expulsion system so unexpectedly turned against himself, gave Ned as much abuse as the exceeding short time allotted him would permit, but which was repaid to him with interest.

"Ha! you demon incarnate," said the priest—"you demon incarnate! this is treatment for a priest! but mark what will follow it. 'Tis not the first time I prophesied that you'd die in full dress; and I now repeat it—ay, will you, and I'll have to attend you where you know, yet."

"And if ever you do," replied Ned, "I'll die a Protestant, to vex you: off now, go home and read your prayers—pull up for the last time, for you want it;" and the priest, accordingly, departed, leaving many a bitter malediction on Ned.

"Now," said the latter to his father, "mount a horse, and come with me; we must bring back my mother; aren't you a purty man to go to turn the sick heart-broken creature out of her own house for that ould knave?"

The fact is that Gallagher was now the creature, the slave, of this spoiled child; for, as is usually the case, when the son grew up, he exacted as a right, what had first been conceded to

him from indulgence. He was, therefore, the tyrant of his father, who stood in awe of him, and yielded to the violence and impetuosity of his character, because he had given up, by his partiality, the only authority by which he could check it. Thus Ned gained his point, and that night Mrs. Gallagher was reinstated in her own family.

For some time after this, a cessation of hostilities, upon the subject of religion, took place between Gallagher and his wife. The former, however, soon relapsed into his usual manner; so that every day brought to this unhappy woman only fresh misery, and a repetition of slow and unceasing persecution. Ned deepened in crime and profligacy; his companions, among whom Nulty held the foremost rank, were of the worst and lowest grade. The father had discovered the manner in which his son was imposed on by that miscreant, and even the means to which the blind dupe had frequently resorted for the purpose of supplying him with money. The son, however, kept him so completely in a state of intimidation, that the father feared to excite him upon the subject; but he transferred the whole weight of his indignation to Nulty, whom he denounced as the person by whose counsel and example Ned had

been initiated and confirmed in his wickedness. It scarcely required this to seal the destruction of Nulty's character in the country; his own conduct was such as deprived him of all that respect which the peasantry usually entertain for persons of his calling. Not that his mere drunkenness would have occasioned them to withdraw their children from him; but the moment it was discovered that he lent himself to *theft*, and assisted Ned Gallagher in secreting and disposing of his father's property, that moment he was considered unworthy of all support. His school became nearly empty, and the greater number of those who attended it were sent to Levins, who was, in fact, a man of excellent conduct and some talent. For many years before this circumstance, Nulty had looked upon him as a rival, and hated him accordingly; nor was his hatred merely passive—for he had frequently, by several malicious expedients, given him much trouble and annoyance. Levins bore these with patience, and continued to instruct the more respectable children of the neighbourhood with success.

It was difficult now to determine whether Ned's character or Nulty's, ranked lowest in the estimation of the people; were it not for one point, Nulty would have been awarded the pre-emi-

nence—which was the report that went abroad that Ned had stricken Father Dorneen; and as the popular opinion is, that he who commits this crime is doomed to suffer some great evil, the people, to a man, entertained a firm belief in the truth of Father Dorneen's prophecy respecting Ned's fate.

Thomas's letter remained unanswered for a week; at the expiration of which time, the father declared, in reply to it, that it was not his intention ever to see his face; and, upon the subject of property, he would for once take his advice, by never allowing him during his life, or leaving him after his death, a single shilling, "You may sink or swim for me," said he, "I have done with you—I wash my hands out of you, as a stain and disgrace to my side of the family."

After this followed a postscript relating to his brother Ned, by which the reader may easily guess who wrote the letter. "As for your brother Ned, he is a blessed boy—so obedient to his father, and so respectful to his clergy—that it is the general opinion of the whole country, that he will live to die in full dress. Indeed he only wants a taint of heresy in him to make his character complete, and that same he has promised us, should things turn out as is confidently expected.

Altogether, I am a happy man in having two such sons—the one a heretic; and the other a profligate of the first water. If it was not for that excellent and learned gentleman, Father Dorneen, who is good enough, in compassion to my doleful state, to dine and spend the evening with me, from time to time, I know not how I could bear up under such a trial as you and your mother, and blessed Ned, have laid upon me.”

Thomas, however, although he did not, because he dared not, visit his father, occasionally saw his mother at his grandfather's; a circumstance which had its due effect in alleviating the sorrows of this afflicted woman. Nothing could be more touching and tender than their interviews, nor more beautifully portray the force of pure and exquisite feeling which true religion gives to the heart, than the fervent charity with which they knelt down to pray for those who so unfeelingly pierced their spirits with the sword of such bitter misery. On these occasions, the hymns which they were wont to sing together, they sang again; and the passages of Scripture which had been their favourites, were again read with an affecting and mournful pleasure.

For four or five years they had thus occasionally met and wept together, and consoled each

other; yet on every meeting did Thomas observe, with a feeling amounting almost to agony, the rapid decline of his mother's health and spirits, and the dreadful inroads which grief was making on her constitution.

"My dear mother," said he, on one of these occasions, taking her wasted hand, as her head lay against his bosom, "you are deceiving me from mistaken kindness: why, the marriage ring will scarcely stay upon your finger; you are suffering a gradual death—your heart is utterly broken."

The conviction of this painful truth pressed too heavily upon her heart to deny it, even although she knew that its acknowledgment would give a fresh pang to him, whose sufferings rose in proportion to her own. Besides, there is often a relief in unbosoming our afflictions, which the heart cannot deny itself, especially when it feels that sympathy is sincere and tender. The son had uttered a truth which she could not disguise. When Thomas spoke, he fixed his eyes tenderly upon her countenance, with an appeal which she could not resist. She pressed his hand in silence, and placed her head upon his shoulder, whilst the tears fell in torrents from her cheeks.

"I must, my own beloved son!" she exclaimed,

in a whisper,—“I must—I cannot conceal it. Your mother’s heart is breaking—it is broken. Help me, Thomas—console me, my son—I am, indeed—all you suspect, and more, my love—more—for Thomas, I am beaten—beaten with blows by your father, who is now become a drinker;—beaten harshly and cruelly with blows and with stripes. I have yet concealed it—but—I so often wish for you—No, no, my child; be you firm, it is for me to weep. I cast my own lot in the beginning, and now I receive my chastisement in mercy. Oh, my son, my son, pity and support your afflicted mother.”

Such intelligence was like a death-blow to the admirable young man: it completely overcame him. And so harrowing was this new disclosure of his mother’s misery to his heart, that she was obliged to become comforter in her turn.

“Oh,” said he, “I can support you, my dear mother—I can support you. Come to me, and let us live together; but surely I did not think it would ever arrive at this. I thought Ned, even Ned, had feeling, with all his thoughtlessness. Oh, how could he—your son as well as I am—how could he suffer it?”

“Ned,” replied the mother, “has feeling; but

only one instance of this reached him—and that by accident; then his undutiful abuse of his father afflicted me deeply, for he now governs him as he pleases. Yes, Ned has feeling.”

Their conversation was here interrupted by the voice of Ned himself, who, not having seen his brother since his entering college, came to him now, on hearing that he was at his grandfather's.

The unfortunate young man was nearly intoxicated; and although, in consequence of this circumstance, his brother was denied to him, yet he broke through all restraint, and came up to the room in which he suspected him to be.

On entering, he stopped for a moment, and surveyed Thomas, whom he scarcely knew, so great a change had his habits of life and respectable society, produced in his bearing and appearance. At length he advanced, and extending his hand, exclaimed, “Shake hands, any how, you heretic—heretic! Why, what matther, Tom, aren't you still my brother?” and as he took him by the hand, the natural affections prevailed; he embraced him tenderly, and exhibited strong proofs of affection and feeling. “Mother—but what's the difference—sure although you're a Protestant, you're still my mother, and the best of mothers.

Oh! Tom, Tom, if you knew but all! Whisht, mother, whisht—I'll protect you—depend on me—if ever what you know is repeated, out he goes, and I tould him so. Well, Tom, you wouldn't write a scrape—well, well, it doesn't signify, man—forgive me once for all, for the beatin's I used to give you long ago. Can you forgive me? although God he sees I don't deserve it from you. I came to see you in spite of my father—or more in spite of that intherlopin' ould sinner, Father Dorneen. Well, God be with you, Tom, I wouldn't know you if I met you any where else, you're so changed. Good bye, mother—depend on me—I'll protect you in future! if ever a finger's raised against you, out he goes—to Father Dorneen, or wherever he plases—for in our place he will not rest. I must be off to Dick Bredin's to see my cocks—God be with you both:—

“Oh, what is life to him,  
Who lives like a good fellow,  
But a very dacent mains,  
Of always getting mellow.”

Such was the thoughtless and profligate character of this young man; relieved, however, by some strong but blunt touches of natural feeling. But what is natural feeling, how amiable soever it may

be, unaccompanied by principle? Nothing. Nay, as often injurious as beneficial; and as frequently productive of weakness, as of fortitude, in the moment of temptation.

Ned's observations on the gentlemanly manners and appearance of his brother, were natural.— Thomas had now finished his studies in college, succeeded in getting an appointment to a curacy about fifteen miles from his father's, and only waited for ordination, that he might enter upon its duties. His literary character stood very high in the university; where, I may add, he very much distinguished himself; nor did his moral and religious principles rank lower in the estimation of those who were most intimately acquainted with him. The studies and society he had addicted himself to while in college, were of the best tendency to form his head and his heart. He had studied with a single view towards the attainment of sound knowledge, as a Christian scholar. The company he confined himself to, was of that character, that instead of finding amongst his associates those who would urge him on to wit, he was rather provoked to piety and to good works. With his mind thus brought under the influence of good sense, good taste, and good principle, his conduct and intercourse with the world were tem-

pered by that becoming cheerfulness and decorum which men esteem, because they never fail to accompany sincerity.

When Ned left his mother and Thomas, he went, in pursuance of his design, to Dick Bredin's, an old drunken pensioner, celebrated among the profligates of half the county, as an experienced angler, a dead marksman, a card player, of whom it was said, so ingeniously did he manage them, that he could "colour the cards;" he was also a trainer of dogs, and without a rival in breeding and feeding game cocks. In addition to all this, he was the most notorious poacher in the barony, and game-keeper to the Earl of B——n, his lordship having taken him on the old adage of "set a thief to catch a thief;" a principle, however, which did not bring the sagacious peer more than the tithe of his own game. This was another of Ned's companions, and one who, next to Nulty, had the greatest influence over him.

As Ned approached Bredin's residence, which, by the way, was a public house, called the "Fighting Cocks," Bredin and Nulty, who were both seated on a bench beside the door, dressing a pair of cocks for that evening's sport, spied him.

"Here he comes," said Bredin, with a grin compounded of cunning, malignity, and contempt,

"a good crathur he is, Nulty; do ye think the hemp is sowed yet that's to string him up?"

"Sowed," replied the other, "why then ye cunninest of all cunnin' rogues, have ye an ounce o' since to ax sich a catechismal interrogatory as that same? The hemp! *ershishin!* Well! *Bethershin!* the rope's made, man—ay, and purchased too, I'll be afther takin' the liberty to conjecthur."

"Are the hands all ready for to-night, Nul?"

"All, save and except the two Branagan's that I thought it not altogether prudential to invist wid admission into our sacret; there's a kind of concatenational intimacy—a remote gradation of blood-relationship between them, that would not compensate us by security, if we gave them induction to the business, or employed them by practical operation in our plan."

They then proceeded to digest two plans which they intended to execute on that night. One was, that they were to rob old Gallagher; the other, to make Ned intoxicated, and urge him to an attack upon Levins's person and property, the latter of which was to be reduced to ashes. By this means Ned would become a double dupe—incur the danger of the outrage, and be removed from

his father's house, which they knew he would defend to the last.

"Nulty, if you don't manage both these concerns in proper style all out, it may be a bad business to both of us. Tell Ned that Levins is informin' on him to his father, from day to day. Say it was he sent out ould Dan to the clamps of turf, where Ned had the corn hid yestherday fortnight. Say that Levins is urging the father to proceed agin yourself about the bill; and that if he's not druv out of the country altogether, he may be the mains o' hangin' you both in regard of the forgery. For my part, I'll have the lads, the other four, dacently prepared for takin' a small trifle o' the yellow boys from the father. Ned may head the other thing himself, an' get as many as he plases to assist him;—whisht, here he comes:—hem—how is Misther Ned?"

"Get us something to drink first—Dick, my brave Trojan—for all of us—not excludin' the mashter here; for you see as he has nothin' else to do than drink, we must contrive to keep him to his liquor—eh, mashter? ha! ha! ha!"

"Whethin I'll never renunciate the same paradox, Mashter Ned—'tis yourself, though I say it, that has not your heart in a trifle. If your abi-

lity was equal to your wishes, I'd turn you agin green Erin for the paradigma of ginerosity."

Poor, rash, thoughtless profligate! it is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that between two such unprincipled villains as Bredin and Nulty, he could not escape the snare which had been laid for him. On that evening when the barbarous game to which he was so much devoted commenced, he was in a state of evident intoxication, and might be seen in the cock-pit, the busiest, the loudest—the most quarrelsome—and the most eager for betting.

Placed at the edge of the ring he stood a hardened and revolting specimen of ignorance and profanity; his countenance agitated by the strong muscular action, occasioned by the apparent alternations of victory or defeat. His eyes were desperately rivetted upon the battle, and his lips sputtered foam as he shouted, swore, threatened, stamped on the ground, and slapped his thighs in all the unbridled fury of a drunken gambler, reckless and besotted. In this state of the game, his father passed within six or seven yards of the spot; and although for years his heart had been wrung by the extravagance and hardened wickedness of his son, yet at this moment he felt a sense of misery more acute and withering, than

he had experienced before. His appearance so strongly expressed the absence of any possible circumstance on which a hope of improvement or reformation could be grounded, that the father would not only have wished him dead, but uttered a half-smothered curse against himself for the weak, indefensible partiality and neglect by which his child had been lost. "Had I layed the lash to him in time," he exclaimed to himself, "and *made* him pay attintion to his larning, instead of pitting him agin his mother and his brother, 'tis a sober respectable young man I'd have 'im, an' not a 'hailfellow-well-met,' wid every idle drunken reprobate in the country. 'Tisn't robbin' me he'd be before my eyes, an' I daren't say, if he does it."

As he rode past the cockpit, Ned, whose situation commanded a full view of the road, observed him just as the father's eyes were fixed bitterly and reproachfully upon him. "Ned," said one who stood beside him. "stoop—there's your father." "Very well," replied Ned, "who cares? let him come over and take me up—huzza—woodcock for ever!—five to four on woodcock—six to one on woodcock!"—and as he spoke, his eye met that of his father without the slightest shrinking back from the awe of parental authority.

In this manner Ned proceeded until the game was over, after which, along with those whom his companions had selected to assist him in the intended outrage upon Levins, he withdrew to a private room, where under the influence of liquor, and the stimulus of inflammatory misrepresentations, they succeeded in working up both himself and them to a pitch of wicked determination, sufficiently strong for their purpose. It is not our wish to detail the two-fold outrages of that night; it is enough for the reader to know that by whatever means it happened, Ned's excess of intoxication rendered him incapable of conducting the diabolical attack which was made on Levins; up however, until within a short period before it took place, he had been with them at Levins's house, though when found the next morning in Bredin's haggard, where he had slept during the greater part of the night, he could scarcely connect in his mind the disjointed portions of the plan resolved on the preceding evening. Still his implication was sufficiently deep to render the situation in which he found himself both disagreeable and dangerous.

Ned had been just arrested as one, if not the principal, of those concerned in the outrage, and stood on the highway that ran past the cock-pit,

stupified between amazement and a sense of guilt, when one of his father's men, returning from his grandfather's, came up and informed him of the robbery that had been committed. "What," said he, "is my father robbed? an' how much was lost, Denis?"

"Why thin, something beyant seventy guineas in goold, of honest an' hard earned money—the thieves o' the world!"

"Well, Denis, you may tell my father that I'm in for somethin' nearly as bad as robbery; but see, Denis, say nothing about it to my mother—you see I'm secured here, but there's no danger, Denis—innocence is a jewel."

The proceedings in the case of Levins's outrage, were extremely rapid; so active had the pursuit after the perpetrators of it been, that most of them were in custody, ere the afternoon of the succeeding day. Ned, after having arrived at Levins's house, felt himself so completely overcome with intoxication and fatigue, that forgetting the purpose for which he came, he staggered over to Bredin's haggard, which was distant only about a hundred yards, where he instantly threw himself to repose. On this spot the officers of justice arrested him, nor was it difficult to develope from a person thrown off his guard by the uncollect-

ed state in which he awoke, such circumstances as justified them in detaining him; for his character was decidedly bad.

The shock which Gallagher and his wife received on these two occasions was dreadful, however well their minds might have been prepared for it by the conduct of their son. The robbery in itself was a matter of very small importance, compared with the consequences likely to result from the folly and wickedness of this unhappy and lost young man. The weak state of the mother's already broken spirits was incapable of sustaining this last impending stroke, or of contemplating it without a keenness of anguish which even her strong religious trust could not lessen—for, alas! her awful conviction of his utterly irreligious state, was in itself a calamity more terrible by far than any merely temporal affliction. When the final investigation into the outrage against Levins took place, Ned Gallagher and six others were fully committed to stand their trial for a capital felony at the ensuing assizes. For some time after this, no clue to the robbery of Gallagher could be obtained, although Ned, on hearing a full detail of the circumstances from his father, instantly declared, that he could, with a knowledge

almost amounting to certainty, mention those who had committed it.

"Sure that's all we want," replied the father; "if you'll jist give us any trace at all of them, I'll engage we'll soon get them into our hands."

"I'm bad enough," said the son, "but I'll never do a dishonourable action, whether my life may be long or short—I might, afther all, be mistaken as happens to many a man surer than I am. Then, you see, I love my own life, an' why shouldn't they love theirs, whoever they are."

"So, Ned," observed the father, "you could see me robbed in the clouds of the night, and although you as good as knew the robbers, you wouldn't let your father get at them."

"Will you take a little advice from me," answered Ned, "for once?—never mind the same robbers—let them pass through your fingers—may be, in the long run, you'll find it the wisest, ay, and the *safest* way. The same set's in another connexion beside the robbery, that you're not acquainted wid—*there's* where the danger lies—take care of yourself, if you prosecute—I know thim well." They are sound *Definders* every man of them."

"I thank you," said the father; "why, then,

but you are the good young man, entirely; to wish me to let them pass—'tis to the very severest point of the law itself, I'll prosecute the villains."

"Well," replied Ned, "remember I warned you. But I now want to ax you a question, an' tell me thruth—how is—how is my *poor* mother? Tell me thruth; I know, indeed, how she must be, when she didn't come to see me."

Gallagher's brow became clouded.

"I hope," said Ned, "you feel something for the thratement the poor crathur got from you and all of us, except Tom."

"She is poorly at present, dear help her," said the father; "very middlin', indeed."

"I doubt, father, she's worse nor you're willin' to let me know—is she near death?"

"No—I hope not yet a little—don't spake about her—between you all my heart's broke—my heart's broke—oh! may God look down upon me this day, but I'm the unfortunate father, and the unfortunate husband!"

"Ay," said Ned, "there was something wrong somewhere—but how can either of us say that it was wid my mother—dear help her—all her goodness to me comes into my mind now, an' I think if I was out of this, I would thrate her in another

manner nor I did—for dear sake, be good to her—an' if you could bring her to see me—but no, it would break her heart—do not—still if——”

“What ails you?” said the father.

“Tut, nothing—nothing,” said Ned; “I’m well; only that it might kill her outright, I would like to see her face and hear her voice once—before——”

“For the sake of the Almighty will you stop,” said Dan; “my heart is fallin’ dead within me. I’ll tell her what you say, may be—any how, it is her intention to see you if she can. Oh, may God pity me this day—not that I’m goin’ to blame you now, dear Ned—it’s too late for that;” and, as he spoke, the tears fell down his cheeks in silent torrents, and he placed his hands in agony across his eyes.

I have said before that Ned never was without feeling. On this occasion he felt for his father’s misery more than he did for the awful situation in which he himself was placed.

“Father,” said he, with his eyes fixed sorrowfully upon him, “be manful;” but as he spoke, his breast heaved up with an awakened sense of pity for the unhappy man, and remorse for his own deep, deep guilt—“father, dear,” said he, “be manful, an’ don’t give way to these thoughts.

Dear knows, in my mind, there's little blame ought to come to you, on my account. All that was in it was, that you loved me too much, and that I made you a bad return for it. May be, afther all, I wouldn't be what I am only for bad company and bad advisers; but you, father dear, you only loved me too much."

The father's grief, while Ned spoke, was bitter and vehement. It was long since he had a word of kindness from his son, and now, that he heard it for the first time, he could sustain it with less firmness than he could hear either indifference or obduracy.

When the father was preparing to depart, the son thus addressed him—"My mother," said he, "I have one word to say about her. Father, will you promise me not to trouble her about religion, on her death-bed? It was in my mind not to spake to you about this till I'd be takin' my last lave of you—but I'm afraid she mightn't live so long, and I'd wish her to die in pace—for, father, it's strange and horrible to think, that *she* should be damned—my blood turns at it—and if I thought she would, I couldn't think God either just, or fair, or honest."

"Oh! Ned, Ned, don't say that," replied the father; "I'd give ivery shillin' I'm worth in this

world, to see her resave the rites of our own church. Even *your* present state is not sich a trouble to me."

"Don't let *me* trouble you," said Ned; "for my part I'm not much afraid of death, except for the disgrace of the thing; and I'll engage, when the time comes, I'll die like a man."

"Go to the priest," said Dan, "an' clear your conscience, an' don't let all be lost; at last let me be sure that there will be one of my family safe, any way. Oh, may the Almighty give me strength to support all my trials!"

"To be sure I will," replied the son, "do you think I'd die without settlin' every thing as I ought to do; but, for goodness sake, don't let that intherlopin' ould sinner, Father Dorneen, come near me; for I don't like the ground he treads on, afther what he was the meanes o' my poor mother sufferin'."

"Well, well," said the father, "you can get any other priest that you wish."

Old Gallagher was a man who felt the loss of money too keenly, to be guided by the advice of Ned not to prosecute the robbers, if he could discover them. That Bredin and Nulty were concerned in it, he had a strong suspicion, amounting almost to moral conviction; and such was his

diligence in following up his determination to punish them, that in ten days, after the last-mentioned interview with Ned, he had succeeded in establishing their guilt, and in throwing both them and their accomplices into prison.

In the mean time, Mrs. Gallagher's life was drawing near a close. Great, indeed, must have been her fortitude, and firm the spirit of resignation which sustained her, or she could never have borne out so long under the domestic persecution to which she had been so unceasingly exposed. Nothing but the one great principle could have supported her; but now, although her faith glowed out even with more than its usual brightness, yet the mortal frame was worn out, and the tabernacle of flesh tottered to its fall.

In this state, when all hope of her recovery was past, Gallagher, although his conduct to her became affectionate, never for a moment gave up the great object of his life—the hope of inducing her to die a member of his own church. He did not, however, prevent her long tried friend, the Rev. Mr. R——, himself now a white-haired old man, bent with years, from attending her, and raising up her suffering and broken spirit to those scenes where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of his own children. Her relations were

also permitted to attend her sick-bed, and to console her by the tenderness of affectionate conversation. Her son Thomas, however, had hitherto only the liberty of seeing her at his grandfather's, or of writing to her; for up to the present moment old Gallagher would not hear of his approaching the house.

"He may see his mother," said he, "*once* before she dies—but I must be out of the way then. *No*, I'll never look upon his face while I live. His brother did a rash, thoughtless action, that thousands have done before him; but, bad as he is, he's not a turncoat and an apostate."

About this time the discipline of Irish prisons was in as lax and pernicious a state, as the human imagination could possibly conceive. There was no classification of prisoners—no matter what their crime, or degree of guilt—their age, or previous habits of life. A prison was a moral pest-house—a scene of drunkenness, debauchery, riot, and confusion, into which it was possible to enter with innocence, but from whence it was impossible to depart without guilt.

Ned Gallagher, notwithstanding his apparent obduracy, might have been awakened to a sense of penitence, and seen the fearful precipice on which he stood—but when his old associates

in riot and profligacy became his associates in prison, he relapsed, under their influence, into a wanton hardihood in wickedness, by far more deplorable, when his circumstances were considered, than any he had ever before evinced in his most abandoned moods.

One day, about a fortnight before the trial, the turnkey came to inform Ned that a gentleman, accompanied by the chaplain, wished to see him. Ned, and his companions, were at this moment far advanced in a deep carouse.

"A gentleman!" said Ned, "an' wid the chaplain! is it the Protestant chaplain?"

"Yes," said the turnkey, as he took a glass of whisky from Ned, "nobody else. Boys, yer health—an' here's wishin' you out of all yer trouble—except poachin' Bredin there, that I hope to see dancin' on a wind carpet—yer health though, you blinkin' ould sinner."

"'Tis my brother Tom, I suppose," said Ned, "he got himself made a parson of the other day."

"Yes," observed Nulty, "an' he's now comin' to insinuate us wid a concatenation of heretical orthodoxy—tell him there's no intromittance for him—if we want preachers, they won't be apostates."

Ned's eyes kindled with indignation as he looked at Nulty.

"Nulty," said he, "if you use sich a word to any one belongin' to me, to the five-an'-twentieth remove, I'll lave the jaw hangin' wid you."

"That's as may be best plasin' to yourselves," said the turnkey—"what'll I tell him, Gallagher?"

"Tell 'im," said Ned, "I won't see him: an' get along to perdition, you an' him—why do you come botherin' us—I *won't see him*. Nulty, for three straws I'd save the hangman trouble, for that word," he continued, feeling the insult, in defence of that brother whom he refused to see, so depraved had become those affections, and so obtuse those feelings, which had been originally vivid and affectionate, and which still operated strongly, but unconsciously, in his heart.

Nulty, as he put a full glass to his lips, turned on him a dark and malignant scowl, which, however, Gallagher did not notice.

The turnkey came in again, less disposed to countenance their mirth than before.

"Ned," said he, "there is another person comin' to see you—'tis not your father, but one as near to you as he is."

Ned laid down the glass hastily.

"The gintleman, widin wishes to spake wid you

before she comes," said the turnkey, "otherwise, he says, her life may be in danger."

This unfortunate young man, though he never followed the kind and earnest counsels of his mother, loved her with deep and enduring affection; to this was added the respect which must ever be felt by vice, for religion and piety, as manifested in a life like hers, rendered more attractive by unassuming meekness and sweetness of disposition.

At the time this message reached him he was less affected by the carouse than any of his companions, having not joined them for some time after its commencement; his capacity for feeling was consequently less impaired.

When his companions heard that his mother was coming to see him, they did not presume to banter him into any particular line of conduct, as they knew that any tampering with the respect which he uniformly expressed for her would not be safe. On this occasion they perceived that he experienced, on being made acquainted with her visit, a powerful revulsion of feeling—a sudden and engrossing change from boisterous profanity to a silent yet palpitating anxiety, which subdued the flush of incipient intoxication to a paleness almost ghastly.

"I feel," said he, "a sudden weight on my heart, that I can hardly account for." He then shook his head. "Ah," he added, "if I had followed that mother's advice, you profligates, instead of yours, it isn't with disgrace and death before me I'd be this day. I never felt my state till now. Have enough of spirits in the place, for if I don't drink deep when I come back, I'll get cowardly. Come," said he, to the turnkey, "I'm ready to go with you, only I wish this meeting was over me."

The man conducted him into the jailer's private room, where were his brother and the chaplain waiting his appearance.

"Thomas," said he, as he grasped his brother's hand, "I did not wish to see you—as much for your own sake, may be, as mine, but it can't be helped; this has been many a better man's case, and we must only bear it manfully."

The brother wrung his hand, but said nothing; he seemed, however, deeply afflicted.

"I hear my mother is coming," said Ned; "but if this gentleman stays in the room, I won't see her. There must be none present but ourselves."

"Ah!" exclaimed the chaplain, despairingly, "I see how it is!"

"I believe, sir," replied Ned, "to see much here is what you seldom give yourself an opportunity of doing. A mouthful of prayers for fifteen minutes every Sunday, an' never to show your dewlap till that day week, is a purty way of taking care of the souls of the wickedest men livin'! If you don't lave the room I'll go back without seein' either my mother or any one else."

"Ned," said Thomas, when the chaplain, who left the room with uncommon alacrity, was out of hearing, "you should have paid more respect to Mr. N——."

"Thin, why couldn't he talk common sense? but——"

He was proceeding to animadvert rather sharply on the chaplain, when his brother interrupted him, by saying that his mother would be there in a few minutes.

"I came," said he, "to prepare you for her. She is nearly gone, Ned, and I request that you will act with decorum and propriety in her presence. Be firm and be serious; do not add to her affliction, for a very slight shock, indeed, would be fatal to her at present. She came to see you, Ned, contrary to the advice of her doctors—she fears that two or three days, at most, will take her from the troubles of this life, and, conse-

quently, that she never could have another opportunity of seeing you. You will bow down, dear Ned, in sorrow and remorse before her—you will entreat her pardon and forgiveness for your offences—and you will die with her blessing to cheer you in your last moments. And now, my brother, let me implore and entreat you, for the sake of that God, before whom, it is to be feared, you must soon appear, to turn yourself to him, and beg his grace to enable your heart to repent, and to put your faith in him, who extended mercy to the penitent criminal on the cross."

Just as he spoke, the door was opened by one of the turnkeys, and Mrs. Gallagher, in a state of utter helplessness, was slowly conducted in by two servants, one under each arm. Her countenance bore the same mingled expression of sweetness and sorrow, so characteristic of her unshaken faith and great suffering, which it had always borne. She was helped over to a sofa, on which she lay back, in a reclining posture, for a few moments, until her immediate sense of exhaustion passed away; the men were then motioned out by Ned, who was powerfully agitated.

On finding herself somewhat stronger, she looked at her two sons, between whom there was so singular and striking a contrast.

"Ned," said she, "come over and sit beside me on the sofa."

Ned went over, and she placed him in such a position on it, that, by turning round, she could have a full view of him. She then took his hand in hers, and fixed her eyes with a long melancholy gaze on his countenance. Ned feared that she was about to charge him with the guilt of his crime, and sat with terror and apprehension, expecting to hear a just review of his past life. At length he ventured to raise his eyes, when he met the same tender look, and saw the big tears roll silently down her emaciated cheeks. Under any view of his situation, taken by his mother, he would have been affected; but when he experienced, in this trying moment, the same tenderness which had marked her whole life, even in requital for unceasing neglect, disobedience, and injury, the sluices of his tears were opened, and he burst out into sorrow, loud, vehement, and heart-wrenching.

"I am not come to upbraid you," she said; "no, my son; it would be a poor, unworthy motive for one like me, on the brink of the grave, to come thus far to gratify anger against a son, whom, even in his disgrace and ruin, I love as a mother. Sit near me, Ned, and let me lean my-

self upon you; it is the last time I will ever see you in this life, and I am come to tell you with my own lips that I forgive you every thing."

"Oh! said Ned, scarcely able to articulate—" Oh, mother, mother! the dearest and the kindest mother that ever breathed the breath of life! Oh, merciful Father, what was over me that I ever could have offended you! Oh, how can you, how can you forgive me, when there was not a day that I did not deserve that you should renounce me for ever! I often saw my wickedness, mother; but, oh, had I taken your advice— Never, never was there a wife or a mother that suffered what you suffered, or resaved the thratement you got from every one of us but Thomas, there; yet was your angry or your loud word never heard. Oh, mother, my heart—my heart is breaking about my conduct to you. I would give the wide world that I had been towards you as Tom, there, who never gave you offence. Forgive me, mother; I go down on my two knees, in sorrow and contrition, to get your forgiveness—*your last,*" and he groaned in violent grief. "But how can you, when I lived as if I took delight in going contrary to your will, and giving you sorrow and affliction. Oh, Tom, Tom, when you left her, the whole world was against her; not one

had she to stand up for her—*not one*—no friend—all, all against her; yet when did a harsh word ever escape her lips?"

"Yes, there was, Ned," she replied, "hardly as you speak of yourself, and harshly as you were spoken of, you stood up for me latterly—not that your conduct to your poor father was defensible—yet you showed affection to *me*."

"Ah, mother, how little was that to what I ought to have done. I know I treated my father badly, but I might have treated you better all along. Oh, mother, mother, my heart is breaking!"

At this moment the door opened, and Dan Gallagher himself came in. He was much changed; and, perhaps, had the traces of affliction as strongly marked on his wasted face, as his wife. On seeing her and her son so much affected, he advanced towards them, but, on observing Thomas, he bowed to him after his own rustic way, in a manner which convinced them that he did not recognise him. Since the period of his son's entering college, he had not seen him until then.

"Sir," said he, "this is a sorrowful meetin' to witness—a sorrowful meetin', God he knows."

Thomas was always timid; and now evinced, along with the emotions which he felt before his

father's entrance, considerable embarrassment and distress. He had understood, by a verbal message from his mother, that she wished him to meet her about a quarter of a mile from his father's in order to assist her in the performance of the journey, as the father had other business which prevented him from accompanying her. Thomas, consequently, did not expect to see him, and felt the peculiar delicacy of his situation, in all its force.

When Dan addressed him, he looked at his mother, with the hope of being extricated by her usual presence of mind and good sense, and not unavailingly.

"Dan," said she, "this surely is not a moment to indulge in a state of mind which God condemns. This is our son Thomas, ready and anxious to have your forgiveness. As his father, as a Christian, it is your duty to forgive him, and I hope you will do it. He seldom, if ever, offended you, except in the instance of choosing his religion from his own conviction; if that was an error, it was of the judgment only. Is it not punishment enough for him, to have been banished six years from your house and heart?"

The father looked at his son, as he stood before him, with every mark and bearing of an educated

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gentleman; and whether pride, or a touch of remorse for his former harshness towards him—or whether the scene about him softened the general obduracy of his nature, I cannot say—he extended his hand to Thomas, and, with strong symptoms of emotion, exclaimed, “Tom, Tom, you have cut me to the heart—but—I forgive you.”

Thomas was deeply affected, as indeed they all were, at a reconciliation so unexpected.

“Father,” said Ned, “you have left me a light heart by that act. We *are*, God help us, a sorrowful family, an’ ought not to keep anger in our hearts against one another. And now, Tom,” said he, and he burst into tears as he spoke, “I must ask your pardon for my cruelty to you when you were with us. Oh, there must have been a devil in me, for many a hard and merciless stroke, my poor brother, did you get from me then; and the night I cut you with the stone, now lies heavy on my heart. Oh, that heart will break to pieces wid what I’m sufferin’—will break to pieces; it can’t stand the weight that’s comin’ over me—but sure I won’t be long wid you—and won’t you all forgive me? Father, come over and put your hands upon me—an’ mother, darlin’ of my heart—an’ Tom—come—sure there’s a disgraceful death before me—cut off I’ll be, and won’t you all for-

give me—I know we'll never meet again—but, oh! my mother—my mother—'tis you that goes to my heart."

The mother pressed the ill-fated boy to her bosom, with as much strength as she possessed—her tears mingled with his own, whilst the father and Thomas also wept in deep affliction.

"Mother," continued Ned, "I wouldn't care so much, but that I know I *helped* to murder you."

"For the sake of all that's merciful, Ned dear, stop," exclaimed the father, "or I will go distracted. It was I did it—'twas *I* that murdered the best wife that—oh, such a wife! Oh, blessed mother, what fate was over us—the kind, the humble, the affectionate, and the tender wife and mother, that she was! Oh, when I think of it, my brain turns! And when she first began to get delicate, how I used to tell her it was actin' the hypocrite she was."

Mrs. Gallagher was scarcely able to articulate, but the sons endeavoured to compose *him*.—"Keep away from me, childer," he exclaimed, "keep from me. I destroyed not her alone, but all of you. Ned, I'm your murderer, as well as hers—I am—and you, my poor Tom, dear knows what hardship and distress you suffered among

strangers, fightin' your way alone, and without help, through the world. Yes, Ned darlin', I am your destroyer. Had I given you proper education, and not backed you in all your folly, an' encouraged an' egged you on as I did, you wouldn't now be as you are—but—but—I'm punished—I'm payin' for all, though I deserve it all. What's this—there's something comin' over me—the room's goin' round—I'm fallin'!"

Ere he fell, however, his children caught him; and on bringing him over to the sofa, he appeared insensible.

"My dear mother," said Thomas, "I fear this scene will be too much for you."

"No, my dear," she replied, "believe me I am happier than I have been for a long time. I see sorrow, bitter sorrow, and repentance towards me—and if, before I go, I could witness the same compunction in their hearts towards God, I could close my life with perfect happiness. Thank God; blessed be God, he is recovering." As she spoke, Gallagher breathed; and in a few minutes was able to overcome the paroxysm which the highly-wrought state of his feelings had brought on him.

Thomas now became the comforter; and though without experience in scenes so trying as this, de-

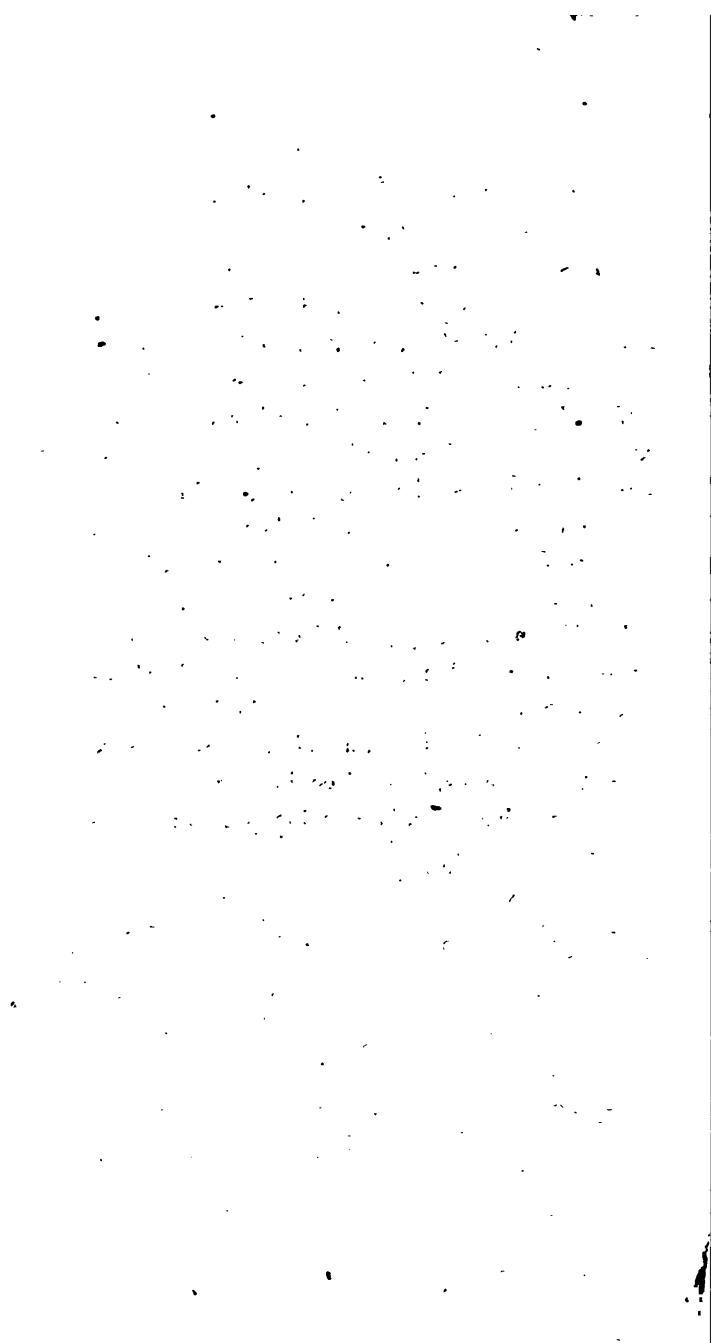
livered a short and feeling exhortation which succeeded in soothing them very much. Mrs. Gallagher then gave her last parting advice and blessing to her unhappy son, who was absolutely torn away from her.

"Behave," said he; "stay from me—isn't it the last time?—let me go to her—I will, I must go to her—oh! mother, will you leave me?—make them let me go to you only for a minute, sure I only mane it once, till I ax her blessing, and hear it from her own blessed lips agin—let me kiss her then, and get the blessing, as I said, the last time for ever. O! blessed mother! is she gone—gone—gone, and am I never to see her more? Well, now I'll go, and then for the dhrink, the dhrink, boys, the dhrink! Nulty and Bredin, where are yees? Get me the bottle, for the sake of heaven above me, get me the bottle." Alas! it is distressing to go on with the narrative. That night he was carried to his bed in a state of helpless intoxication, nor did he afterwards permit himself to know a moment's sobriety, maugre the entreaties, and solicitations of father, brother, or priest. "You have two choices," said he, "it's useless tormenting me;—I will either dhrink or put an end to myself."

His trial was long, and his defence was ably

conducted; yet defence was vain: he and five or six more, together with Nulty and Bredin, were convicted and executed, and to such a state of artificial hardihood did his abandoned and villanous companions bring him, that they declared publicly on the scaffold their innocence of the charges for which they suffered. Ned's mother lived, contrary to expectation, until the day of the trial, when, as it proved, the state of deep and dreadful suspense, was too powerful for her weak frame, she expired about two o'clock, and was buried in the same grave with her unfortunate son.

It might not, perhaps, be delicate to say whether Thomas be now living; but, as to Gallagher himself, he was struck by *paralysis* in less than a fortnight after her death, and, in somewhat more than three months, he expired in the arms of his son, whom, however, he was incapable of recognising.



## **DREAM OF A BROKEN HEART.**

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**Fergus O'Reilly** and **Eveleen M'Mahon** were born in the same village, and trained up together from their childhood. The green which stretched along the river, a little below their respective dwellings, had been many a time the scene of their early pastimes; and to this day it possesses a melancholy interest, arising from the memory of their lives.

Fergus, from his very infancy, was remarkable for a sweet but melancholy temper; and if ever there was a disposition perfectly congenial with another's, it was that of Eveleen with his. Both were mild and sedate—both apparently timid, easily abashed, and incapable of almost any de-

gree of resentment. The neighbours had frequently remarked their quiet and inoffensive dispositions, and often, in a jocular manner, said that their marriage had been made in heaven;—a beautiful and touching illustration of hearts so guileless and affectionate as theirs. During their childhood and youth they were continually together; companions at the same school, associates in their amusements, and partners even in their devotions. They went to mass together, attended their catechism together, and both seemed to feel an identity of enjoyment and sympathy in their early mirth or sorrow, that fully justified all who knew them in linking their future destinies together.

Whether they themselves had their young affections in any degree shaped into a particular tendency by these observations, regarding the probability of their future attachment, it is difficult to say. Certain, however, it is, that no amusement was relished by the one in which the other could not participate; and no secret anxiety felt which was not immediately shared in by both. At school, when Fergus chanced to come under the master's displeasure, although he himself bore his punishment meekly, Eveleen usually retired into a corner and wept in secret, with her head laid

down on her book. When her grief had ceased, she contrived to get beside Fergus, and her first question was, "Fergus, did he hurt you?"

To this Fergus was too artless to reply falsely; in most instances he answered in the affirmative, upon which Eveleen would bring out her little luncheon and thrust it, whilst the tears stood in her eyes, into Fergus's hand. At a first view it may be pronounced rather an unsentimental manner of expressing affection; but Eveleen M'Mahon was a child, and the affection which she then displayed was not the love of a fine lady or gentleman. What she felt she manifested by the symbol which habit had rendered familiar to her; it was the only token, except her tears, she could give him—the dearest possession of either boy or girl at school; and, as a proof of its influence, it is only necessary to state, that the tenderness which prompted the act was not unfelt by Fergus. On such occasions they exchanged their respective luncheons; a circumstance which consoled both, and sweetened what we may term the first repast of youthful love. Fergus and she, after this little interchange, both dried their tears, and retired to different seats; but though not within reach of conversation, many a long glance, full of a meaning which each felt but neither understood,

passed between them. When the school was dismissed, Fergus, if out before Eveleen, waited for her; or Eveleen, if she had passed on, always lingered until Fergus appeared. They then proceeded on their way together, Fergus plucking her flowers, and stringing them into garlands for her neck, or into "queen's crowns" for the links of her golden hair.

In the sports conducted by the children of the village, Fergus and Eveleen were always together; indeed none of their companions ever thought of separating them. Such, too, was the quiet and serene tone of happiness which characterized both, that no one ever injured or offended them. From those early indications of evil temper or malignant passion which threaten to desolate life, they were free. Like two mild spirits that can hardly be said to belong to a world so tumultuous and wicked as this, they walked on, hand in hand together. To them life was pure and delightful, as it always is to the virtuous and pure of heart. They saw no storms around them, for their souls were at peace with the world, with themselves, and with each other. Their existence was a radiant calm, like the opening of a bright morning, when all nature is clothed with a sparkling and

dewy light, the sky cloudless, the earth green, and the groves vocal with living music.

The love of children is a sweet thing; and though marked almost by the simplicity of instinct, yet it is founded upon the tenderest of all motives, a confidence that *it itself* is the object of affection. By something resembling intuition, children are enabled to single out that man or woman, among many, who is capable of loving them. To him or her they carry their affections spontaneously; but no affectation of attachment, no hypocrisy of the heart, can for a moment deceive them. They will avoid the pretender with a discernment astonishingly correct, and seek out with equal accuracy the heart that is kindly disposed towards them. As they act with grown persons, so do they with each other. In their own case, the simplicity of their character and their candour of mind, as yet uncorrupted, present greater facilities for mutual understanding. Their attachments are consequently much more vivid and disinterested than those of mature persons; they love each other sincerely, and their purity of heart takes away that jealous sense which blights the affections of those upon whom the spirit of this world has breathed its chilling influence. We all remember the warmth of our childish or

school-boy attachments. Each of us has had his bosom friend; but the world has come between us; we now perhaps pass him unnoticed in the streets, because life has gone hard with him; or, perhaps, he, having had a more prosperous career than ourselves, now meets us like one whom he had never known. Youth and childhood are the Eden of existence, where every thing is pure and joyful about us, and within us; but, alas! we fall like our fathers and pass out of its happy gates never to enter them more. We mingle in the turmoils of life, and know not the extent of our early happiness until it has passed away from us, and becomes like a vision upon which we can look but dimly.

The parents of Fergus and Eveleen, though in humble circumstances, were yet above the reach of poverty. They, too, lived on terms of kindness, and watched the growth of their children with the pleasing expectation of seeing them united as man and wife. Fergus had a younger brother, a fine manly boy, whose disposition, though less quiet and meek, was still shaded by a touch of his elder brother's melancholy temperament. Fergus was dear to him; so also was Eveleen; but he felt for them as a relative who considered them both as destined for each other's happiness.

The boy and girl were in truth equally beloved by their respective families; nor was this all—their beauty and their innocence occasioned their friends to look on them with pride as well as affection.

There is nothing within the whole compass of existence, within the whole circle of human enjoyment, equal to the intense charm of love that awakens the heart to its own susceptibilities, before the fulness of manhood darkens, by its stronger passions, the purity of simple affection. There is in first love an ideality which engages the higher faculties of the imagination, and keeps the object of our affection far above the reach of our lower thoughts. Subsequent attachments may be stronger, but it is on first love only that the soul can look back with complacency and delight. It alone is pure; none of the baser motives are connected with it. The heart catches the sentiment from the unstained image of early fancy, and the picture it receives, having been adorned with graces which reality cannot boast, is retained by the imagination which created it, long after the powers of the heart have ceased to possess the sense of feeling.

Fergus and Eveleen were a proof of this. To say when the first light of early love broke upon

them, would be difficult. We do not think they knew it themselves. Like the dawn of morning, it stole on them by degrees. They had loved each other from their childhood, but as they grew up into youth, a singular blending of strange and delightful emotions filled their hearts with an intense happiness. A charm descended upon them; the consciousness that a new feeling—almost a new sense—had been superadded to their faculties, was experienced by each. From henceforth a joyful sense of existence pressed upon them with greater power. They awoke to life; they began to think, and the exercise of thought was one of enjoyment. Their relation to each other, however, was immediately changed. They looked back upon their innocent familiarity with wonder. They became timid, bashful, and constrained in their deportment; and although they felt perfectly conscious that each understood the situation of the other's affections, yet neither ventured to touch upon what they felt.

Both had now left school and began to perform their allotted duties in the necessary labours of humble life. No duty, however, was then looked upon as irksome. Life to them was like the beautiful conception of a pleasant dream. Fancy kept before them the constant image, from whose beauty

the heart drank in its untainted pleasures. When separated, an unaccountable sense of vague privation told their hearts that something was wanting; when they met, the rapid pulse, the tremulous voice, and blushing countenance told a tale which the tongue refused to utter. The very appearance of Eveleen, even at a distance, was a source of delight to Fergus; and a favourable expression concerning him in her presence was sure to send the blush over her face and bosom. This is probably the most delicious period in the history of the human heart. There was sufficient confidence in each to keep alive, in all its vigour, the hope of mutual passion; but as neither had absolutely avowed what was felt, there existed also that slight degree of doubt which trembled like a light breeze over the current of their love. Perfect confidence is, perhaps, after all, less capable of producing tenderness than a state in which it is checked by the shadow of apprehension. At all events both had occasionally their fears, for love delights in creating its own difficulties. Fergus sometimes imagined that because she neglected to come to the bleach-green for her linen in the evening, he was less dear to her; and she thought that if he absented himself from her father's house for a single day, the cause of it must have been con-

nected with a diminution of his affection. And yet they had not breathed a syllable of love! This, however, mattered little to them. When Fergus touched her hand, he thrilled; and when they joined in the dance, they wanted no interpreter to tell them that their hearts burned with a passion which could not be expressed.

Fergus had now arrived at the age of seventeen, and Eveleen was a year younger. Up to this period they had never been two days separated. The lease, however, of his father's farm had just expired, and the family deemed it their advantage to remove to a more productive one, at a distance of about two miles from Derrygola. It is difficult to judge aright of calamity, where circumstances, trivial in themselves, may be exaggerated or diminished by our interests, our feelings, or our prejudices. This removal was to our lovers a misfortune of no common magnitude. Eveleen could not now expect to see Fergus every day, as usual; nor had Fergus her father's house at hand in which to spend his evenings. The well was not before him, nor the river, where morning and evening he used to see her; every object, too, which her presence in their more serious moments, as well as in their early amusements, had made dear to him, was absent.

The day at length came, on which Fergus's family were to leave Derrygola for ever. Every thing had been packed up and sent away. The O'Reillys had taken leave of all their neighbours; between the men there was shaking of hands, and between the women, tears. The last family to whom they bade farewell, was that of Eveleen. They went over, when the cars that bore their furniture had been sent away, and with much honest feeling took leave of their old friends. The ceremony was brief; and, after having received the blessings of the M'Mahons, they departed towards their new habitation.

Eveleen felt her spirits sink within her as they left the door; all the O'Reillys, it is true, had, with a single exception, paid their farewell visit: but *that* exception smote her to the heart. Fergus had not come to bid her a single adieu. She felt as if something were wrong; as if a disaster hung over her. In vain she tried to rally; a sense of wonder and confusion lay upon her thoughts; when asked a question, she heard it not, or recovering herself too late, gave a wrong answer. It was now that the love she bore Fergus appeared to her in all its strength; she felt that she must either be happy with him, or miserable without him; her heart told her there was no al-

ternative. She would have wept, but what she suffered was apprehension and alarm, rather than sorrow. It was the first shock which the affection of so tender a breast had received, and although slight in itself, yet to her, whose life had not been crossed by a single cloud, it was actually an affliction.

Fergus had all this time avoided the leave-taking of the two families, from that shrinking delicacy which, particularly in the young and bashful, prevents the lover from divulging what he feels before any other eyes than those which sparkle in his waking and sleeping dreams. When he saw his relations passing finally out of the village, he bent his steps to the house of her who was now a thousand times more dear to him than ever. On approaching the door he hesitated, and for some time hung back, as if he had been about to commit an improper action. After considerable effort he at length entered, and found the family all around the hearth, except her whom he was most anxious to see.

Eveleen had retired to another room, for she found a melancholy pleasure in solitude; and, at that particular crisis, she was incapable, from the distress she felt, of bearing a part in the general conversation of the family.

The moment she heard his voice, a rush of joy passed into her heart; its pulsation then stopped for a moment, and she feared that she was about to swoon; but the current of her blood rushed onward again with unusual rapidity, and she thought the little tenant of her bosom would burst with delight. Fergus had taken a seat when Eveleen entered the kitchen. Neither spoke, nor did he appear to notice her; but his absence of mind, and the inappropriate answers he returned to those who addressed him, were evident to all. Eveleen's family, who knew, as well as either Fergus or herself, the extent of their affection, smiled significantly at each other, but made no farther observation on the lovers. Their young hearts were full, even to overflowing; for although they spoke not, as we have said, yet the open artless glance, suddenly withdrawn, revealed their mutual tenderness with greater truth than if the tongue had told it. The tongue may, and too often does, betray; but no art on the subject of love, can ever school the eye into treachery.

When Fergus had sat for some time, he at last rose to depart; his words were few and hurried, as he shook hands with, and bade farewell to his old friends and companions. In fact, he feared to trust his voice, for a sense of suffocation al-

most stifled the few sentences he uttered. On approaching Eveleen, he hesitated a moment, and attempted to articulate something, but found that he could not, without betraying that which, in his simplicity, he considered a profound secret. Eveleen herself sat in confusion equal to his; the blushes swept over her countenance too plainly to be concealed, but in the intervals between them, her complexion betrayed the hue of ashes.

Her mother, who approved of their attachment, also felt for their embarrassment, and resolved to relieve him.

"Eveleen," said she, "you and Nancy had better see Fergus to the river; convoy him for good luck, and may the blessing of God go with him."

This was a manifest relief to both. The two sisters prepared to accompany him; Nancy in a free unembarrassed manner, but Eveleen in silence and confusion.

"God help their innocent hearts!" exclaimed the mother, when they had gone out, "for innocent they are, to think that nobody knows of their love for one another, but themselves, and it so plain that a child might see it. If ever a marriage was made in heaven, theirs was; and if ever any two innocent young crathurs wor happy to-

gether, surely they will. May the Lord shower down his blessing upon them both, poor things; Och! afther all, it's hard to tell what misfortune there may be before them; may the Lord keep it far from them this night and for ever!"

As Fergus and the two sisters proceeded towards the river, there was hardly a word spoken by any of the party. The sister felt her presence a restraint upon them, and with that readiness of wit for which the sex is remarkable, she stooped down "to take out a pebble, bad end to it! that had got into her shoe, and was playin' the dickins wid her heel, so it was."

Fergus and Eveleen advanced a few perches before her, till they found themselves at the ford of the river, across which had been placed a series of stone steps, for the accommodation of foot passengers.

They then stood, and as the season was summer, and the moon bright, each could plainly perceive the confusion and embarrassment of the other.

At length Fergus caught her trembling hand, and found it was not withdrawn. Slight as this little incident was, it deepened his agitation exceedingly.

"Eveleen," said he, and as he spoke the trepi-

dation of his voice betrayed the strength of his feeling, "are you sorry that we are lavin' Derrygola?"

There was a meaning in his tone and manner that could not be misunderstood.

Eveleen trembled more and more; her hand was still in his, and he felt her tremors.

He waited a moment for her reply; but on finding that she gave none, he looked into her face, and perceived that she was in tears.

"Eveleen," said he, "you are sorry!"

"I would rather," said she, "that you had still staid in Derrygola. You know we wor always together, Fergus, and now——"

A deep blush overspread her face, but she added nothing more.

"Eveleen," said Fergus, "why do you tremble so much?"

"I don't know," she artlessly replied; "I found sorrow upon me for this week past."

"So did I," returned Fergus, "and I would almost as soon go into my grave as leave Derrygola. Let me go where I will, Eveleen, my heart is here," and he placed his hand upon hers as he spoke. "Blessed saints! Eveleen, how yours is beating!"

Eveleen, however, was silent.

"Eveleen," he added, "I must—ask you—one question before I go—and, if you answer it favourably, I'll be happy. Happy! oh, Eveleen, that's but a poor word for what I'll feel, if you answer it as I wish. Eveleen, do you love me? Speak the truth."

"I thought—I thought—Fergus, you knew I loved you. I do."

She uttered these words in a low whisper, blushing deeply, and still trembling excessively as she spoke.

Fergus had heard enough; he clasped her in his arms, and, for the first time in his life, he rapturously kissed her lips.

"Fergus, dear," she murmured, as with a gentle effort she withdrew herself, "let me home. You know enough *now*. We'll both be happy, whether we're with one another or not. Good night. Don't forget Eveleen, as I, before God, won't forget you."

She immediately returned towards her sister, whom she found hammering, with a round stone, at the heel of her shoe, and exclaiming with significant good humour, "why, thin, faix, it wasn't a stone at all, but a thief of a nail, that was takin' freedoms wid this nate heel of my own. You'll

not be angry wid it, Eveleen?" she inquired with much glee.

Eveleen's mind, however, was in a state of delight too tumultuous to permit her to feel an interest in any subject but that which then occupied her thoughts.

"Nancy, dear, let me alorie," she replied, and, without noticing the harmless banter of her sister, she walked home at a quick pace, and without joining the family, went immediately to bed—though, as our readers may be assured, not to sleep. Sleep, indeed, pressed lightly on her eyelids that night; and when slumber at length overcame her so far as to induce something like repose, it was only by starts. Ever and anon she awoke suddenly, and her last interview with Fergus flooded her spirit with delight. He was again before her, again she heard his voice, again she whispered the acknowledgment of her love for him, and again sleep gently stole away her faculties, and mingled her waking visions so fitly with her dreams, that she knew not the line which divided them.

Fergus, at a rapid pace, sought the new farm. His mind, his feeling, and even his very dreams, were but transcripts of those which we have de-

scribed as experienced by Eveleen. It would be difficult to find two young beings so perfectly happy. They had neither care nor anxiety to check the simplicity of their enjoyments. Life, to them, had no dark side; their love no shadow; all was serene, and sweet, and innocent.

It is a comfort, and it shows the benevolent hand with which God distributes his gifts, to reflect that the great ones of the earth cannot monopolize those enjoyments, which flow from the sources of feeling in a virtuous heart. Whatever wealth, and fashion, and luxury can give them, they may possess; but it is certain, that hearts uncorrupted by wealth, or fashion, or luxury, in ten thousand instances, have within themselves a treasure that blesses their humble condition with a purer and more exalted happiness than the richest gifts of fortune can, of themselves, bestow on the great. Happiness is not the result of place, or rank, or condition, if the heart be right. It cannot come from external circumstances—it must, if it come at all, proceed from correct principle and pure feeling.

Nothing, in truth, could advance more delightfully than the loves of Fergus and Eveleen. It is scarcely necessary to say, that Fergus spent most of his time at Derrygola. Their affections

were now avowed, their mutual friends satisfied, and their hearts full of truth and confidence in each other. Fergus was to exert his industry, with a view of having something with which to begin the world, and Eveleen was to work late and early, in order to create a little dower for herself. This simple theory was immediately put in practice by both, and as their relations on each side had been candidly made acquainted with it, they kindly bestowed on them little gifts, both in goods and money.

Two years thus passed, like a pleasant dream to Fergus and Eveleen. Every day rendered them still dearer to each other, and brought out some more amiable trait in their characters. So peculiarly sweet and inoffensive was the disposition of each, that it was never known they had an enemy. Kind and modest, they won all hearts, and made their names a proverb for industry and affection.

Fergus was now twenty-one, and Eveleen twenty. In personal appearance they excelled the young men and maidens of the parish, as much as they did in virtue and goodness. Each had now gathered a little stock in furniture and money which, when joined with what their friends were willing to afford them,

was equal to their moderate wishes. Having, therefore, dutifully asked the consent of their parents, and obtained it, they were married with the blessings and good wishes of all who knew them.

How delightful is the memory of humble virtue!—we look back this moment into the dimness of by-gone years, and imagine that we see this meek and innocent pair passing through “the cool sequestered vale of life,” shrouded in the charm of truth and moral beauty. They now sleep in the same grave—for as the old poet well sings—

“All heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

Never was the exquisite beauty of the closing thought, in these fine moral lines of Shirley, more touchingly verified than in the life and death of this humble couple. The recollection of them is like a fragrance, and comes upon the mind with that melancholy tenderness which is always stirred within us when we turn our contemplations on the memory of the just.

Fergus, immediately after their marriage, took

a small farm of a few acres, which he cultivated with industry and vigour. Eveleen and he were as happy as they deserved to be: cheerfulness was at their hearth; peace attended them, and contentment shed its quiet blessing upon their spirits. In saying this we have said as much as the "noiseless tenor" of their lives will permit us; their existence was too peaceful to afford *materiel* for incident of such a nature as to cause much excitement.

In this manner they had lived together for eight years; three children blessed their union, and Eveleen, at the time now alluded to, was within a few days of her fourth confinement. She had been, for about a month previous, in a state of mind rather depressed. It was the depression, however, of a contented heart; she was graver than usual, but complacent and cheerful in spite of low spirits. Her smile was never wanting to her husband and children; strangers alone observed that she appeared to droop.

One day, about the period in question, Fergus, as usual, came in at forenoon to his dinner. On turning the corner of his own house, beside which was the village well, he met a young woman, the daughter of a neighbour, coming to fill her picher. The girl, as was natural, inquired after Eve-

leen's health; and Fergus told her, in a jocular manner, that if she felt any anxiety on the subject, she might at least step in and see Eveleen herself. The girl immediately left her pitcher beside the well, and entered the house along with Fergus, whom she bantered in that good-humoured way peculiar to rustic wit and merriment. When due inquiries had been made after Eveleen's health by Peggy Dogherty, (for such was her name,) Fergus, in order to cheer the declining spirits of his wife, related some jest or other, of which Peggy was the subject. Peggy, in return, replied with her usual briskness, and was pressing Fergus rather successfully, when he observed—

"Don't be so hard upon me, Peggy, you know you're to be my second wife. Eveleen here says she's goin' to lave me a jolly widower."

"Me your second wife!" replied Peggy; "musha, bad scran to your assurance, but there's upsettin'! Why, you old *dhrimindhoo*, I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man in Ireland; so take that for your imperance."

"Throth, I'll have you yet, agra, for all so saucy as you are," said Fergus.

"Well, we'll see," returned Peggy. "Eveleen, why don't you bate this man of yours, and not let him be coaxin' the girls, an' his sleeve burnt?"

Eveleen had been sitting among her children, for whom she was in the act of making up little dresses, when this bantering took place; but on hearing the purport of their conversation, she did not smile as usual: on the contrary, she looked upon the children and her husband sorrowfully, and burst into tears. Fergus was immediately at her side.

"Dear Eveleen, what ails you?"

"Fergus, sit down," she replied; "and do you, Peggy Dogherty, sit down too, and listen to what I am going to say."

Peggy's mirth was instantly checked, and, with an abashed countenance, she approached Eveleen.

"Why, now, Eveleen," she said, "sure you wouldn't be offended at our joking. The sorra cut the tongue out o' myself, if I have vexed you."

Fergus shook his head; "It's not that, Peggy," he replied, "it's not that, at all. I know my own Eveleen too well to think she'd be displeased at a mere joke."

"You do, Fergus, darling," replied his wife, "know me too well for that. I am not offended at any thing either of you said; but listen: I feel that my time in life is finished, and that before another week passes I'll be in my grave. The thought's upon me for the last two months, and

although I *strove*, and still strive to banish it, yet it overcomes me more and more. When I go," she added, whilst the tears fell fast from her eyes, "my poor Fergus will miss me; so will these darlings," and she pressed a child in each arm as she spoke, "I know they will. Now, Peggy, hear me, and don't forget my words. When I'm gone, marry Fergus—and it's my wish that Fergus will marry you. He'll want some one to keep his family, and I don't know any girl that I'd as soon have over my poor orphans. If you come into the place, Peggy, remember their mother, and be kind to them."

Before she had concluded, Fergus was in tears, at the simple contemplation of an event so calamitous; he tenderly pressed her hand, and exclaimed—

"May God, of his mercy, forbid, Eveleen, darling, that you should be taken away from me and our little ones. It's these low spirits, dear, that has overcome you. Rouse yourself, agra, an' don't let such thoughts into your head at all."

"I can't help it, Fergus, dear; but I'll strive to keep them away since you wish it. If it does *not* happen, we'll be more thankful to God, and if it does, let you and Peggy remember my words,

She'll never get a better husband—she'll never get so good."

Fergus and Peggy both attempted to rally her spirits, and in some degree they succeeded. Fergus sat down to dinner, but his appetite was gone; and Peggy Dogherty, after making Eveleen smile faintly, despite of her sorrow, went home with her pitcher of water.

On the third day following, Eveleen found herself ill. With an anxiety deepened by the mournful prophecy of his wife, Fergus proceeded to bring the aid necessary on such occasions, and to despatch messengers to his family and hers.

The solemn confidence in the truth of her own presentiment which Eveleen expressed, had also extended its influence to Fergus. He felt none of the joy which lurks in a father's and husband's heart, when another link is about to be added to the living chain which binds him to the object of his youthful love, and the mother of his children. He strove to account for his heaviness of heart by a belief in his having caught the despondency from his wife, and, perhaps, he accounted for it rightly; but allowing for the contagious effects of an impression so melancholy, on a mind that always sympathized tenderly with that which felt

it, still there was a darkness over his thoughts so deep and palpable that all his anticipations were full of death. The idea of losing his beloved wife brooded over his heart, and crossed his imagination perpetually; so strongly did it grasp him, that he felt it first with fear and dread, and, ultimately, with an agonizing sense of reality.

When Eveleen's friends had been assembled, and the usual aid procured, Fergus sat with a neighbour until the result of her confinement should be known. The distance of his friend's house from his own was but trifling—yet he could not rest a moment without going to the door and watching for the appearance of a messenger.

In vain his friend attempted to sustain and encourage him; Fergus was distressed beyond the power of sympathy. He could with difficulty enter into conversation; and on one or two occasions his grief utterly overcame him. He wept bitterly for some time, recounted the various virtues of his wife, and appealed to those about him whether the loss of such a woman, even in imagination, were not calculated to wring her husband's heart.

"It's very strange," said he, "but I think of her more this minute, as the fair girl at school,

who used to cry when I cried, and divide her bread with me; I think of her more as the girl that I used to string the flowers for, and put them on the links of her golden hair, than as my present wife. I don't know why my heart goes back to the early times, but I find it won't stay away from them."

He had scarcely concluded these words, when a hasty knock came to the door, and the round face of his wife's cousin peeped in at the door.

"Is Fergus here?" said the girl.

"For God's sake, what news, Mary?" he inquired, with a palpitating heart.

"Come home, and kiss your son," replied Mary.

"All's right. Eveleen and the young man's both doin' bravely, glory be to God!"

"Amen!" exclaimed Fergus, fervently, "blessed be his holy name for this news! Come, Mary—come, good girl, and may the grace of heaven guard you for being the bearer to me of good luck and good tidings."

He then proceeded home, and found, to his inexpressible delight, that Eveleen and his son both promised to do well. His joy was profound, though not intemperately expressed. The shadows, which had gathered like storm-clouds upon

his mind, were instantly dispelled; calmness, and peace, and confidence, returned to him, and his happiness was complete.

All Eveleen's friends, who had been made acquainted with her apprehensions, now looked back upon them as the vain fears of a woman whose mind had been weakened by a delicate state of health, and the morbid tone of feeling sometimes peculiar to females in her condition. The second day, however, after her confinement, found her strength diminished. She also became more feverish, was occasionally incoherent, and requested, in what was considered to be a calm interval, to be removed to another bed. Unhappily this wish was complied with; another bed was made for her, to which she walked, with only the assistance of her nurse. After lying down, she desired the child to be brought to her, and expressed a hope of being able to get a little sleep. The nurse settled her and the child in bed, and saw her close her eyes, as if courting repose.

It was now near evening, and Fergus returned from his daily labour. On entering, he inquired tenderly and anxiously after his wife, and was told by the nurse that she had got "a brave long sleep."

"Blessed be God for that!" replied the af-

fectionate husband. "I was a good deal distressed to-day about her; but, thank God, there's nothing a-quail to a good sleep for bringing her on."

In a few minutes after this the child began to cry, and the nurse, taking a candle, for it was now dusk, went to remove the babe, lest its cries might break the slumbers of its mother. Fergus was desired to hold the candle for her whilst she did it, and both entered the room in which she lay.

"Don't disturb her," said Fergus; "she's in a deep sleep. Poor Eveleen, she never was a loud breather."

The nurse, in taking the child from her bosom, was obliged gently to raise her arm; and as she did it, the utter lifelessness with which it dropped on the bed-clothes startled her. She turned her eyes fearfully on Fergus, but he was contemplating the child at that moment, and did not notice it. The woman then put her hand upon Eveleen's heart, and found that it was still: she felt her pulse, but there was no throbbing there.

"Fergus," said she, throwing herself helplessly on the bed, "Fergus, do you see the state she's in?"

"What," said Fergus, catching, for the first

time, a dreadful apprehension of the truth. "God of Heaven! can this be sleep?"

He put his hand on his wife's face, and bringing the candle nearer, examined it more closely; he felt her heart, her pulse; put his ear to her mouth—but, alas, the spoiler had done his work in secret—she was dead.

"Gone from me! Oh, Eveleen, are you gone for ever!" were the only words he uttered, or had time to utter. He gazed for a moment wildly about him, and fell insensible on the floor.

The cries of the nurse, and of the affrighted children, soon brought in the neighbours. The house became thronged; the relations of Fergus and his departed wife received the melancholy tidings, and we may truly say that when they met over the dead body of her in whom their hearts had been centred, their affliction was such as no description could portray.

The sudden shock had paralyzed poor Fergus's faculties. His grief was dead, and dull, and heavy. Indeed, such was the stupor which oppressed him, that it required on his part an exertion of mind to comprehend the extent of his loss, and the depth of his affliction.

Sometimes he forgot it altogether, smiled, and exclaimed—"Well, well, poor Eveleen! it's one

comfort that you never had an enemy; and who can say as much for themselves, Eveleen, dear! but you won't lave me and my childhre, agra machree?"

"God pity him," observed his neighbours; "there is one other, that was dear to Eveleen's heart, and that never had an enemy no more than her—that is himself."

Death, however, is stern in exacting the fulfilment of his mournful rites. The heart may cling to the dust of what it loves, but all must be torn from it; beauty, love, goodness, and purity, avail nothing against the inexorable claims of the grave. Fergus saw her laid in that sleep from which there is no awaking, until the voice of Him whose power created us shall restore his children to a life that will know no ending.

The sudden stroke which the heart feels on the death of a member of the family, is by no means the severest. There is one moment of peculiar bitterness connected especially with the loss of a husband or a wife. This is not when the body is borne away from the scene of its past joys and sorrows; nor when it is lowered into the dust, and closed up for ever from the eyes that loved it; but this moment of intense bitterness was experienced by Fergus, when, after the funeral, he

returned home to his lonely house, and looked upon the orphan children of her whom he had loved from childhood, and whose affection shone like a clear, but mournful star, in the earliest dawn of his memory. When he saw her clothes, the traces of her industry, and her vacant place at the hearth, he thought his heart would have burst. The desolation of grief was then terrible indeed; for this is the moment when it grapples with hearts, and sometimes inflicts, in the struggle, a wound that bleeds in secret, until the mourners follow those for whom they weep.

Fergus, however, owed a duty to his children; and he also remembered the solemn injunctions of his wife. When about six months had passed, he recovered in some degree, his former composure; still it was observed that the original tinge of melancholy which had always shaded down his character to quietness and peace, was now darker than before. The comfort of his children required, in the mean time, that some female should manage his domestic concerns, and he knew of none to whom his heart felt less reluctance than the girl whose anticipated union with him had been sanctioned by Eveleen. Accordingly, at the expiration of twelve months, he proposed for her;

the proposal was accepted, and she became his wife.

Alas! now commences the history of his sorrows; now did his path in life begin to darken. For the first month or six weeks the conduct of this woman was such as to promise happiness. Fergus, however, soon perceived that she was likely to become a bad wife, and a heartless step-mother to Eveleen's orphans. Ere half a year elapsed, she had completely thrown off the mask, and stood out a bitter unfeeling termagant upon whom remonstrance and every show of affection were lost. Her marriage bed was unblessed, though she herself proved a multiplied and many-shaped curse to her husband and his children.

Fergus was a man too inoffensive and adverse to strife to subdue such an ungovernable tyrant, yet he had sufficient firmness to protect his children from her violence. In his presence she persisted not to correct them, for she knew by experience that he would not suffer it; but in his absence she beat them with a severity absolutely merciless; and to such a state of terror had she brought the meek creatures, that they dared not complain of her cruelty even to their father. The neighbours were often compelled to interfere, and from

them did Fergus much oftener receive the history of his wife's brutality towards them, than he did from the children themselves. During a period of three years their sufferings were beyond belief. She compelled them to undertake hardships altogether above their strength; she gave them scarcely food enough to support life; their clothing was thin and bad, and their condition utterly deplorable. It was now that their father's love for the memory of their mother revived in all its power. Many a time has he brought them out with him of a Sunday evening in summer, and seated on a green knoll, with his little melancholy group about him, recounted to them the virtues of their mother. Touching and mournful was their communion; their hearts yearned to the dim image which they remembered of her, and they all, whilst listening to the history of her goodness, wept bitterly together. Fergus would then point out to them the scenes of their youthful life, for the spot where they sat commanded a full view of them all; and he would tell them of their early loves; on such a green they played together; in such a copse they had pulled nuts together, and in such a meadow had he crowned her with flowers. In this way did the poor man attempt to beguile the sorrows of himself and of his children. Life

had nothing in its present lot from which they could borrow even a melancholy pleasure; they therefore were compelled to brood over the recollections of the past. Fergus' appearance was now sadly changed. Though a young man, care had so much anticipated age, that he appeared far older than he was. His complexion had become pale and worn, his body thin and wasted; and the neighbours, who knew the afflictions which he bore so meekly, said to each other, "Fergus' heart is broke."

One evening, in the beginning of the fourth year, he returned home and found his children grievously disfigured by marks of severe punishment. He attempted to reason with his wife, but he only drew down upon himself a torrent of insolent abuse, to which he had neither spirits nor inclination to reply. When bed time arrived, he himself undressed his orphans, and after kissing them, put them to bed, and blessed them earnestly. He was shocked at the cruelty they had on that occasion experienced, and he resolved to put away his wife in the course of the following day. He did not himself go to bed that night until later than usual, and when he did he found his wicked wife asleep. With a shudder of disgust he took his place beside her, and as he was wont, began to think of her whom he had

lost. Occasionally too he thought of his younger brother, whose marriage was soon to take place; but, as we have said, his beloved Eveleen was principally the subject of his reflections. Sleep, however, came not to him as usual. He thought too that he felt feverish and indisposed. Restless and pining under his sorrows, he lay awake until nearly half the night was spent, as he knew, by the rising of the moon that shone in, coldly and clearly, through the windows. At this moment a singular impression became exceedingly strong upon him; he imagined that Eveleen's spirit was about to present itself to his waking sight. The thought, however, was accompanied by no fear: on the contrary, a sense of gladness, a thousand times more vivid than that which is produced by the appearance of an absent friend in life, pervaded his whole being. Actuated by the belief, he kept his eyes fixed upon the room door and saw, whether real or imaginary matters not, the figure of his late wife enter the apartment. She proceeded across the room to the bed in which her orphans slept, stooped, and with her former tenderness of manner, adjusted the bed-clothes about them, for they had fallen off, sighed deeply after covering them, and exclaimed, in Irish, with her eyes turned towards him:

"Gho wori dhe orth ma pasthia vogh!"

May God have compassion on you, my dear orphans!

Having uttered these words, she stooped again and kissed them.

"Eveleen, life of my heart!" exclaimed Fergus, "won't you speak to him that is heart-broken, because you are not with him."

She looked upon him with a smile of melancholy affection, approached his bed, and said, in a calm solemn voice:—

"Fergus dear, I am not angry with you. You are heart-broken; but you will soon be with me."

She then bent over him, kissed him, and walked towards the door. When about to pass out, she turned, and, after again kissing her sleeping orphans, exclaimed—

"Fergus dear, they have troubled me much; for death itself cannot take out of a mother's heart the love of her children."

Having uttered these words, with a meek and sorrowful countenance, she disappeared.

This occurrence decided Fergus on no longer permitting his wife to act the tyrant over them. The next morning he rose at day-break, and proceeded first to Derrygola, and afterwards to his father's house. To both families he related what

he considered to be the supernatural appearance of Eveleen, disclosing, at the same time, the resolution he had made. The story soon spread, and was believed by all who heard it, as well as by Fergus himself, to be a real apparition—alas! *it was only the dream of a broken heart.*

When Fergus returned home that day, he found his children sitting timidly, and in tears, about the embers of a dying fire. He brought them about him, and asked them the cause of their grief. The eldest told him that Peggy, the step-mother—they never called her by any other name—was sick, and that the two younger ones were crying for food.

“Well, darlings,” said he, “there is a better time before you, I hope; we must put down a fire and get you something to eat. You won’t be long troubled with Peggy. She and I cannot live under the same roof—I have suffered her to be cruel to you too long, may God forgive me for it!”

He then passed, with coldness and disgust on his brow, to the bed-side of his wife, and found her, as far as he could judge, oppressed with a heavy sickness. It is unnecessary, in this instance, to conceal the truth. He did not absolutely *wish* for her death, but the prospect of being ultimately freed from her tyranny, and of

seeing peace once more presiding at his hearth, filled him with an involuntary satisfaction which he could not check. Still she was his wife, and so far as his most strenuous exertions could go, they were devoted to the promotion of her recovery. A doctor was brought, and from him they learned that her complaint was a dangerous fever, which threatened to be fatal in its consequences. The doctor's opinion was, in this case, correct; she became gradually worse, until the fourteenth day, when she was called to render an account of her remorseless and wicked life.

There is something awful in passing into the house of death, and finding that it is not the house of morning. The associations connected with the unwept dead, jar coldly and revoltingly on the heart. When their remains, surrounded by those tender connexions that justify grief, and make it sacred, bring no tear, we feel that the dark and indistinct images of crime shroud them in mystery, which, although we seek not to penetrate it, renders their memory unholy.

In Fergus's house there was, on this occasion, no grief over the dead. His friends and neighbours had all respected *him*, and loved *his orphans*; there was, therefore, visible, even in their looks, a calm subdued sense of relief, as if from

an affliction that had been at length removed. Even his wife's relations felt not sorrow but shame; they wept not for one whose hardness of heart, and oppression towards the helpless, they detested as much as the friends of either Fergus or Eveleen. Coldly, and without emotion, she was let down into the grave, amid the indifference of a tearless burial, in the place of interment belonging to her own family, for Fergus would not suffer her ashes to rest among his kindred clay—with Eveleen he resolved to sleep.

Would that we could close our narrative here, but we cannot—for, alas! now comes the struggle of death with the just man, and the heart of the virtuous father must soon cease to beat. The fever had already taken one victim; but disease knows no distinctions either of morality or rank. The high and the low, the good and the evil, are equally swept away from the earth by its wide and indiscriminating wing.

Fergus, in a few days, caught the fever which had been fatal to his second wife, and although every thing was done that care and medical skill could do to save him, yet all proved ineffectual. He, also, died on the fourteenth day; and thus was his hearth and his orphan children left utterly and fearfully desolate. *His* funeral, however, was

not tearless. Heartfelt and profound was the grief of all who saw him laid upon the bosom of his beloved Eveleen: "They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

But what, alas! is to become of their children? Without father or mother, young, destitute, and almost broken-hearted, to whom are they to turn in a world so selfish and unfeeling as this is?

Come forward, thou noble young man! stand out proudly upon our canvass, Bartley O'Reilly, thou who didst sacrifice thy heart's dearest hope to the memory of thy beloved brother and his wife, to the care and comfort of their orphans! The hand of the mighty wizard has given to immortality an humble woman for refusing to swear a lie—for performing a journey to London, in order to save a sister's life. There are thousands of every class and rank in every country under heaven who would do as much; but where is the young man, in the pride of youth and strength, already plighted to a fair girl, on whom his heart had been long fixed—who, with a heroism that ought never to be forgotten, could raise himself above his own passions, and, sacrificing his best hopes, devote his life to the task of becoming the support and protection of his brother's desolate children?

Bartley O'Reilly, on the day after Fergus' interment, called his family about him, and thus addressed them:—

"I was," said he, "as you all know, on the point of being married to a girl that I love well, when the death of Fergus' wife, and, after that, his own, prevented me. What is to become of his four orphans, all young, and not able to do for themselves? Must they leave their little farm, and be sent away to this one and that one, among Eveleen's friends and us, where they will, may be, be treated, when our grief ceases, harsher than we think? My mind is made up. Fergus's and Eveleen's orphans will never be scattered upon the world, while I have health and strength to work for them. From this day out I give up the world for their sakes. It will, I know, be a hard task to me to forget Ellen Butler; but whatever I may suffer myself, I promise, in the sight of God, Fergus dear, to become a father to them you have left behind you fatherless. I'll never marry. This day I leave you all, to take my lot with the poor children. To-morrow I'll go to Ellen, and let her and her friends know my intention; I don't think they can blame me—but even if they do, there is no help for it. May God desert me, if I ever desert my brother's orphans!"

Humble life! how many beautiful and noble virtues spring up unnoticed and unknown in the midst of thee! What rank of society could produce an instance of loftier self-denial, for a more touching purpose, than this self-devotion of Bartley O'Reilly?

The next morning, according as he had said, with a heart composed, yet sensible of what it suffered in the sacrifice, he left his father's house to disclose his determination to the girl he loved and to her relations. When about to leave the family hearth, moved by a purpose so pious and exalted, he stood a moment and looked upon the tearful faces which surrounded him. The noble boy's features worked strongly, but a sense of the sacred duty he had undertaken supported him for the struggle.

"I know," said he, "what I am doin'; but I know, too, that Fergus would do as much by me an' mine if our states were changed. In the name of God I bid you all farewell; don't be sorry after me; you know I'll be always near you. Every Sunday, please God, I an' the lonely creatures will come to see you. God for ever bless you.—Farewell, father—kiss me, mother;—but, mother dear, there's a parting before me that'll be worse, far worse than parting even with you—ay, one

that will go near to break my heart. However, I know Ellen, an' if I'm not desaved in her, she'll be steadfast to the thing that is right, whatever she may suffer by it. I'm goin' to see her and her friends—from that I'll go an' be a father to——” here his voice faltered—nay, he sobbed aloud—“I'll go an' be a father to the fatherless cratures that haven't a hand on this earth but mine to protect and support them.”

Having uttered these words and hastily pulled his hat over his brows, he departed, amidst the tears and blessings of his family.

The farm-house of Shawn Butler lay almost in a direct line between Bartley's father's and his late brother's. It was one of those serene and tranquil spots to which a man who becomes sick of human villany, would wish to retire and forget the guilty crowds and heartless tumults of life. The house was plain, neat and comfortable. Before the door stretched a small green, in the middle of which was a clear spring-well, overshadowed by a single spreading hawthorn. A little below this, a sweep of meadows spread out, divided by a clear stream, on whose banks, during the calm evenings of summer, many a harmless pastime took place. Behind the house, at about the distance of half a mile, lay a small but beautiful lake; and before it,

rising gradually from the meadows, the green and fertile pastures of F——ss. From the door could be seen the end of "Philpot's Glen," which, well wooded and deep, swept round till it melted away into the meadows, pouring at the same time a tributary stream into the larger river that ran through them. Behind all stood a range of peaked mountains, which, as the farm lay facing the east, formed a semicircle around the landscape which they bounded.

About the hour of twelve o'clock, Bartley, resolved, but sorrowful, reached the farmstead of Shawn Butler. A bend in the road brought him within a few perches of the house, ere he saw it; and as it was milking time, the sweet voice of Ellen Butler fell upon his ear and heart as she sang the old Irish air of *Staghan Varragha*. A turnstile opened from the road into a paddock adjoining the house, in one corner of which the cattle that they milked were gathered together.

Bartley had not arrived thus far without having experienced in all its power that blighting of the heart which arose from a consciousness that the object on which its final cast for happiness had been set, was lost to him for ever. The struggle in his spirit was indeed as painful as it was singular, and altogether unusual in those combinations of human feeling, which weave our indivi-

dual interests into those of society in general. In his case it was love as a sentimental passion against natural affection; and rarely, indeed, do those contingencies of life present themselves in which the passion and the affection are arrayed against each other.

Imagination on the one hand, drew in colours the most vivid, all those beautiful traits of love and quiet happiness which shed so blessed a charm over humble life. In the foreground of the picture stood Ellen, in the calm serenity of a wife and mother, surrounded by their children, moving, like Fergus' Eveleen, through the happy sphere of those duties that are made sweet to the heart by the fulness of affection. He knew Ellen's value, her modesty, her virtue, and what was most trying of all, her attachment to himself. Nay, more, he knew that the wedding day had been appointed, and that their marriage would have taken place, were it not for the melancholy death of his brother and his cruel wife. Ellen already looked upon him as her husband, and so did her family; yet now was he on his way to blight her hopes and crush her affections. He then thought of the power with which his heart, fresh and unwasted, loved the fair girl who had selected him as the man with whom she preferred to pass through life;

he remembered all the acknowledgments of attachment and tenderness that had passed between them; and when, in addition to this, he looked into the future, and saw himself like a barren tree, his spirit sank, from an apprehension that he had undertaken a task, which he feared was beyond his strength. On the other hand, domestic affection, holy and strong, like a good spirit, came to his aid. He remembered his brother whose head lay low—his Eveleen meek and affectionate, both taken away by the mysterious hand of God, from the children whom they loved. But their orphans! the little helpless brood, left without one single individual on whom they could depend, and in such a world as this!—he pictured them conversing about their hearth, in sorrow and in tears, the eldest herself a child, attempting to act the mother to the rest—he fancied he saw them as the shades of evening fell, getting pale with dread—he saw them asleep in the depth of night, with none to tend their wants or their sicknesses—who was to feed—who was to clothe them? The picture altogether overcame him; his heart melted at their sorrows, and he repeated to himself once more—“No—I will never forsake them—an’ may God desert me, when I desert my brother’s orphans!” Strong in this determination, he ap-

proached Ellen and her mother, as they milked their cows in the corner of the little paddock.

Warm and affectionate was the greeting he received from the whole family, especially from the artless and simple-hearted Ellen. The composure of his manner, which was sorrowful, did not surprise them. They knew that grief after such a brother as Fergus, was not likely to pass away soon. Shawn Butler, when Bartley arrived, had been sent for, and in a few minutes he came in from the field, together with his two sons. When they were all assembled, Bartley, in a simple but earnest manner, addressed them as follows:—

“I think it right to bring you all together, that you may hear what I have to say; and when you hear it, you’ll be able to feel that it’s a hard, hard trial to me. Don’t think that the heart-broken look you see in my face is owing entirely to the death of poor Fergus. No: it’s owing to an intention I’ve made to give up my own hopes an’ happiness in this world, that I may be a father an’ a friend to my brother’s orphans. What’s to become of them if I, or some one, doesn’t save the poor young helpless cratures from destruction, and poverty, and the frown of a bad world? I will never marry; and my heart is breaking while I say so, for God, that is hearin’ me, knows,

Shawn Butler, how I loved—how I love, an' ever will love—your daughter ! My heart—my heart ! Oh, may God support me—it's a sore, sore crush to me !”

He was here so much overcome by his feelings, that he could not proceed for a time ; and nothing but his sobs were heard, for those whom he addressed uttered not a word. At length he went on :—

“ Yes, it is a sore crush to me to give you up, Ellen, but I think that whatever I and you may suffer, you're too kind-hearted a girl to blame me for what I believe, before God, to be right, ay, and my duty besides. I am sure God will support you, as I hope and trust that he will give strength to myself. I have only now to say that if poor Fergus was alive, no earthly thing could prevent me from fulfillin' my intention towards you, my *gra* Ellen. But he is not, an' if I don't support his and Eveleen's orphans, they're lost. I say then to you all, as I said twice before, may God desert me if I don't love, and guard, and work for them, as if they were my own, or as Fergus would do if he was still over them.

There is a dignity in noble and virtuous resolutions that impresses a sense of their worth upon all without distinction, who come within reach of

their influence. It might have been supposed that old Butler and his wife would have expressed themselves with warmth, if not with passion, upon a determination which fell so heavily upon the affection and prospects of their daughter. There was something, however, in the short explanation of Bartley, that awed them, for it exhibited the truth, firmness, and virtue of his character. From the moment he began to speak, Ellen's eyes were fixed upon him, and her breath came and went thickly. As he proceeded, her countenance changed, the blood forsook her cheeks, and by the time he had concluded, she sat incapable of speech, and as pale as ashes. This proof of her distress did not escape the notice of her family, and for a moment brows were bent, and eyes lightened; but on looking on Bartley, his calm but sorrowful countenance once more awed them, and repressed what they were about to utter.

"Ellen," said her eldest brother, "as this strange business touches you nearest, what do you say to it?"

She looked full upon her brother for more than two minutes, and her lips moved, but no sound issued from them.

"Did you hear what I said, Ellen dear?"

"Bartley is right—he is doing what is right,"

was the reply which the admirable girl gave him.

"He is right," said her father, "an' may God give you an' him strength to bear the sorrow that it brings upon you both. Bartley, we part with you in good-will and friendship; an', what is more, we honour you for what you are doin' towards the fatherless an' the unprotected. Childre, he is right, an' it's a noble act in him that ought never to be forgotten."

The eldest son grasped his hand. "Bartley," said he, "God bless you; we are, and, I hope, ever will be, friends."

They all shook hands with him, except Ellen, who in fact was not able to extend hers towards him. She sat, as before, pale and silent.

"Ellen," said he, "I will kiss your lips for the last time—but tell me once more before I go, that you agree with me in what I'm doin'."

"I don't blame you," she replied, in the same almost inaudible voice, "you have done what is right."

Bartley pressed the passive girl to his bosom, and after kissing her lips with a breaking heart, it was observed that a big tear lay upon her cheek. It was not hers, however, for she could not weep, although her mother did bitterly,

Bartley then once more bade farewell to the Butlers, and departed. His feelings for a time were confused and tumultuous, as may naturally be supposed, when we consider that he had foregone *his own* hopes and his own happiness, as he himself said, and that too, on behalf of the young, the sorrowful, and the distressed. On reaching his brother's house, he found the elder orphans in tears, and the younger, who were ignorant of their loss, at play. This latter circumstance touched him most. He assumed, however, a cheerful look, and told the lonely little brood that he was then come to live with them and protect them.

"You shall never want, my poor darlings," said he, "while I'm able to work and support you. I have given up the world for your sakes. Night and day I'll be along with you—we'll get a steady, kind servant-woman to look to you; and I hope that we'll all be yet happy."

Noble youth! for he was but a youth—how many of the great and wealthy rot under the lying inscriptions of their marble monuments, whilst thy only record of virtue, before which, however, grandeur may shrink, is from the feeble pen of one who is humbler than thyself.

We have nothing more to add. With a heroism which even affection could not shake, he car-

ried his resolution into effect, saw the girl whom he deeply loved become the wife of another, but never for a moment regretted the high-minded course he had taken. As might be expected, his brother's children soon transferred their affections to himself; he wrought for them, he educated them, reared them up virtuously and industriously, and at this very moment is an honoured man, living among them as a father.

## LACHLIN MURRAY,

### AND THE BLESSED CANDLE.

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LACHLIN MURRAY was a native of the North of Ireland, the son of good Catholic parents; and when I say good, I really mean it in the best sense. They were, like many poor Catholics, ignorant, scrupulously honest, sincerely devout, according to their knowledge, and brimful of simplicity and the choicest superstition. It is true, they believed, as in duty bound, that all Protestants, after death, were gifted with a prodigious "alacrity at sinking;" yet the poor souls were kind, and affectionate, and gratefully attached, to such Protestants as the affairs of this wicked world had brought them into intercourse with.

Lachlin's father was a linen-weaver and devotee; and Lachlin himself, having been also bred to weaving and devotion, inherited all his father's ignorance and simplicity of character. Now, as was his father, so was his mother also—she held the same opinions—attended her duty, fasted on the same days—repeated the same prayers—and, in fact, copied the husband even to his failings. They lived in peace and ignorance, therefore, and were happy. When young Lachlin grew up, the father bought another loom for him; and, from “spooling and winding quills,” he was elevated to a seat behind the sleys—in other words, he was taught to weave, and soon was able to finish off his “three dressins a day,” even sooner than his father.

Now, weaving, like all other occupations in which the hands are employed, and the mind idle, is necessarily a speculative one. Though neither the father nor the son could read, yet they could converse, and meditate, and comment upon what they had heard. It would, indeed, be difficult to puzzle them upon the history of any wonder or legend connected with their own religion, particularly of such as occurred in Ireland. Not a miracle performed by any blessed priest resident in their own diocese for the last century, but they

could relate, "with considerable additions and improvements," as is said of the fifth or sixth edition of a popular work. Never, indeed, was there any thing more remarkable than the capacity of this simple pair for swallowing down the undeniable and miraculous proofs of the wonders which, in their simple opinion, clinched, beyond doubt, the apostolicity of these moisture-loving worthies, called Blessed Priests. Their faith in them was truly most exemplary, and worthy of the enlightened advantages which the exercise of their power has conferred on society.

In this manner they lived, beguiling time by a repetition of their traditionary lore, until old Lachlin died, and, as his son dreamed, was, according to the scapular—which they had both by heart—released, on the first Saturday after his death, from the pains of purgatory, through the intercession of the blessed Virgin, and half a guinea paid to Father Moylan for saying masses for his soul. Of the truth of this, there *could* be no doubt, seeing that young Lachlin *dreamt it*; and it was well known, both to his mother and himself, that no man's dreams were ever more authentic. The blessed Virgin and his departed father had both told him the fact on the very night of the day on which he paid the money to the priest; and none but a heretic, or, what is nearly

as bad, an infidel, could doubt it. Now, the solitude produced in the heart, but principally the vacancy left in the legendary department of young Lachlin's imagination, by the death of his father, made him more gloomy: he saw, by his dream, that the faith of the former in these blessed miracles had served him in the other world, and he was, accordingly, determined to double his own in this species of devotion.

Prayers, therefore, were doubled, trebled, quadrupled; but it so happened, that in proportion as these increased, the weaving and industry lessened. This continued, and, in the course of a few years, Lachlin found himself without a loom at all, and in a most excellent capacity for being devout, having nothing else to do. Rent, however, must be paid; and even the devoutest saint requires something of what the wicked and ungodly call food. Young Lachlin considered these embarrassments as temptations proceeding from the devil; and, in order to overcome them, redoubled his zeal in devotion, and trusted to God for some miraculous method of extricating himself out of them. He had heard of a devotee, named Kelly, who gave all he had to the poor, and neglected all kinds of work and industry, until he found himself literally without a breakfast for his family. In this crisis, he was com-

pelled to shake up the bottoms of those meal barrels which his charity had emptied to satisfy the distresses of his fellow-creatures, in order that he might scrape together as much as would make one scanty breakfast; but, on approaching them, what was his astonishment to find every barrel full to the brim; and what was best of all, let him take whatsoever quantity he might out of them, this blessed plenitude was still undiminished.

Lachlin, however, had been enabled, by the mere dint of devotion, to see the bottom of his own meal barrel—a prospect which, in consequence of a dream he had, gave him a peculiar degree of satisfaction. The fact was, that, for the last month, he had Kelly's miracle snugly in his eye; and, inasmuch as that person had accomplished the replenishing of the empty barrels in two or three dreams, equally authentic as those in which his father and the blessed Virgin had informed him of the release of the former from purgatory, he felt determined to pray rather than work, convinced in his soul, that when the critical moment of hunger and faith might arrive, he had nothing more to do than kneel down, and, by a tough persevering prayer, fill it with as good oatmeal as ever was ground in any mill on earth.

At length the happy morning arrived, and he had the satisfaction of seeing, and feeling also, that so far as fasting went, he had a most excellent opportunity of "making his soul." Accordingly, he desired his mother to put down the pot, containing as much water as would make them both a most satisfactory breakfast of stirabout, shrewdly confident that it would soon be thickened with meal, quite as substantial and miraculous as Kelly's. The pot was, therefore, put down, Lachlin "went to his knees," and commenced a most meal-seeking rosary to the blessed Virgin. Fervently did he pray for some time—and what was best of all, his appetite increased with his zeal—until he thought there ought to be, in all reason, at least a hundred weight of meal in the barrel. At length he thought it time to inquire: "Mother, darling," said he, "will you thry the barrel? there ought to be a decent *cast* in it by this—I have prayed, tooth an' nail, for the last half hour—how does it stand, jewel?"

"Why, blessed be ~~HER~~ name, Lachlin, avourneen, bad scan to the dust's to be had for love or money; not as much as would make gruel for a mouse in a conswimption—an' the pot's boilin' up cleverly—who did you pray to, Lachin, a-lannah?"

"To the blessed Virgin, in coorse, mother—is there never a dust at all at all?"

"To be sure, darlin', isn't here the bottom, clear, an' clane before me—but no male, Lachlin—an' the pot, as I sed, goin' mad—Lachlin, a hagar, as she has failed you this bout, hadn't you betther thry St. Paidhrick?"

He sighed, and cast a melancholy glance at the pot, and commenced once more with renewed vigour. A second rosary was offered up, together with two or three ornamental prayers, which he added to make it more effectual and complete. When these were concluded, he called upon the mother a second time:

"Mother, will you give the smallest taste of a peep into the barrel?" The mother complied. "Well, mother—well? Is there any thing besides the bottom?"

"Full it is, Lachlin, of——"

"Eh! full—I know'd it—glorhia wurrah!—I know'd it—I know'd whin I threw in the last three prayers, as a *dhurah*,\* that I'd get it."

"—Asy, Lachlin, avourneen, 'tis full of emptiness—it is clane an' clear is the bottom of it

\* A *dhurah* is an additional quantity thrown in at the purchase of potatoes, meal, hay, &c. to carry luck with it, and to make certain that the measure is complete.

before my eyes here, without as much as you'd blow off a sixpence on it."

Poor Lachlin felt doubly disappointed at this intelligence; but he had only tried his experiment twice, and the third time he knew was the charm. With fresh confidence, therefore, and an increasing appetite, he began the third rosary, and not only "threw in" four or five extra prayers, but requested his mother to join him in an Irish hymn, the first verse and burden of which is the doxology translated into that language, and what was most singular, it went to the tune of Pauden O'Rafferty. The opening verse ran thus—

Glorha Yeah, glorha Yeah, glorha Yeah dheelish!

Glorha n' Airh, glorha Mack, glorha n' Spiridh Neev!

Now, let not our fastidious readers become incredulous here, for we can assure them that we have frequently heard this hymn sung, and always to the tune above-mentioned; nor, perhaps, was the simple prayer, if the heart was right, the less efficacious on that account. It is well known that John Wesley, a pious and learned man, rescued many of those tunes from the devil; and in Methodist congregations in the country, combinations quite as startling might be frequently

heard—witness the “Deserter,” “Molly Astore,” and several others equally beautiful, which have been joined to sacred words. For our own parts, with due deference to the taste of both Lachlin Murray and John Wesley, we think such a union of the profane and sacred would be apt very much to neutralize our own devotion, and to produce associations not much in accordance with the worship of God.

When Lachlin and his mother had finished the hymn, and, consequently, the rosary, with considerable agitation, and, truth to tell, an awful foreboding of empty barrels, he requested her to look for the third and last time.

“Not a thimblefull, Lachlin—not a taste—but full and plinty of the bottom, as before. There’s nothin’ now for it but St. Paidhrick—so, avourneen, in the name of the whole collindher,\* start fresh, an’ thry himself.”

“Why, upon second thoughts, mother, I’ll never heed the same Saint Paidhrick; I tried him for the rint t’other day, an’ wasn’t a *cronha bawn* the betther for him.”

It is unnecessary to detail the result of this attempt at the miraculous; let it be sufficient for our readers to know, that from whatsoever cause

\* Calendar.

it proceeded, poor Lachlin rang changes upon such saints of the calendar as he was acquainted with, except St. Patrick alone. The truth is, therefore, that, though fond of fasting and penance, he fasted this day with a worse grace than usual—upon a dish of meal, borrowed from a kind and obliging neighbour. In a month afterwards, Lachlin, from a sense of humble and praiseworthy tenderness to his mother, was obliged to accept a place as journeyman weaver with an uncle of his in the county of M——. He had no other means of supporting her; and, to do the innocent young man justice, he would have undertaken any hardship sooner than see her without food. In this place he had remained, praying and weaving for some years, keeping his mother in her little cottage by his earnings, and happy that he was enabled, in this manner, to repay the good creature for her former kindness to him, her only child. He usually called down to see her once a month, and brought her the greater part of what, in the mean time, he had earned. The distance between his uncle's and his mother's—by the shortest cut, which was across a sweep of mountains—was about eight miles; but by the more circuitous path of the common road, it was more than double that.

It was just a month before Christmas that

Lachlin went one Sunday evening to see his mother, and great was his sorrow to find her in a sickly state. The affectionate young man shed many tears over her, and promised to call to see her once a fortnight, instead of once a month, as he had usually done. The mother kissed and blessed him at parting, and gave him a small piece of blessed candle to keep about him.

"You know, Lachlin," said she, "that there's many an ugly loch between this an' that, an' if goodness hasn't sed it, ye might walk into some o' them these dark nights—take this, an' nothing, either good or bad, can hurt or harm you."

"Well, mother, dear," said Lachlin, "if I'm spared I'll be with you next Sathurday fortnight; an', in the mean time, I'll put this blessed candle in my waistcoat pocket, to prevint accidents."

The Saturday night fortnight after that was a clear moonlight night—soft, and without frost. The house in which Lachlin sat at his web was a "weaving shop," detached, like any other out-house, from that in which his employer resided. Although the shop contained six looms, yet, in consequence of a slackness in business, his uncle had within the last fortnight dismissed all his other journeymen, except Lachlin, whom he kept because he was his nephew, and knew that his sick mother

had no means of existence, except what was derived from the industry of her son. Lachlin had never before that night crossed the mountains in his way home—for the best reason possible, because he was the greatest coward of ghosts in existence; but then his superstition in another sense was equally strong: he was going to help his sick mother, and besides, he had in the right pocket of his waistcoat a blessed candle, which he knew would keep him safe from the lakes that are so thickly scattered through these mountains. It is true, indeed, he had not yet become a Scapularian, a circumstance which he this night bitterly regretted; but he made a determination to invest himself with that blessed order on the first possible opportunity. Still, however, his mind was full of vague and undefined terror, which was dreadfully heightened by a singular appearance that startled him even in his work-shop. He had been in the act of throwing back the sleys for a new “dressing” on Monday morning, when, casting his eye towards the window of his “shop,” he saw a spectral face looking in at him, with a deadly and corpse-like expression, such as he had never seen before on any person possessing life. A cold fear shot through his nerves, and he almost shrieked out in affright: but remembering that, in making the promise of visiting his poor mother on this particular

night he had said "with the help of God," he began to get fresh courage, and to suspect that the appearance in question might be that of the devil, who wished to prevent him from keeping so sacred a promise to his sick parent. He accordingly knelt down, prayed, and, after recommending himself to the protection of the blessed Virgin, set out on his pious journey. It is true, he was then in an inhabited country, where fear of spectral appearances could not be very strong; but on taking a hazle stick in his hand, and advancing into the dark waste of desolate mountains, he found his fears increase with alarming strength, and that sense of security, arising from the vicinity of human habitations, became dreadfully diminished. The mountains over which he went run in longitudinal ridges between two counties, so that a journey across them is made by climbing one hill and descending another. Their ridges swell up to a considerable, and in some places to a painful and uncommon height. To pass them, even in day-light, is really a lonely and disheartening task; but to attempt it after twilight is exceedingly dangerous.

The task of the day had prevented Lachlin from undertaking his journey sooner than eleven o'clock at night. Perhaps he had not gone more than a mile when it was deep midnight; and to a person

like him, whose imagination, on the topic of apparitions and supernatural appearances, was so well cultivated, it need scarcely be added, that this journey, at such an hour, was strange and somewhat fearful. In his case, no earthly consideration could have induced him to tread the path before him, were it not that one species of superstition cancelled another. His dread of ghosts, for instance, was overcome by his confidence in the holy candle given him by his mother, and in a certain prayer against evil spirits, that had been taught him by his father. His mind, therefore, was in a perpetual conflict, as the two principles of superstitious fear and superstitious confidence struggled for mastery over him. So long as he was near a human habitation, his courage was of the first quality—if we make some slight abatements for an occasional misgiving or so, a gentle trepidation, or a gradual elevation of a stout, heavy hat, by the stiff upstanding of his hair, bristling at the appearance of some spectral ragweed, or gray rock, throwing its shadow to an unconscionable distance across the moor. His courage, in fact, was, “gentle reader,” perhaps such as your own would have been, had you found yourself in his situation, without a blessed candle in your waistcoat pocket, or a prayer against evil spirits in your head, viz. it was cowardice in disguise—a

species of valour which does not press companionship on a man at all times and occasions, but generously leaves him in some critical moment, as the world and a man's friends are apt to do, exactly when friendship would be serviceable. Such was Lachlin's courage on that night. No sooner did the top of a mountain-ash, nodding its head at him, he thought, in the midnight breeze, appear in the shortened distance as a thing to be dreaded, than said courage took flight, until the folly of his apprehension, and the absence of danger fully satisfied him that there was no enemy at hand, when it instantly returned to him with a most heroic confidence, full of friendship and profession, like the aforesaid world and a man's friends, ready and willing to stand by him, until put once more to flight by the next opportunity of being serviceable.

There is something in the vaster solitudes of nature which inspires even the most cultivated and philosophical minds with a pleasing dread, especially when what would at other times produce only terror, is softened down, by a consciousness of personal security, to an awful sense of the greatness, or grandeur, or novelty of what is about them. In crowded cities, or in busy life, the soul is distracted by a multiplicity of objects, on which its strength is wasted, or narrowed into the exer-

cise of a single faculty, as it were upon a single object. It is diffused over too much, and its capacity for deep contemplation proportionably lessened; but in the silence of the mountain solitude, in the bosom of the gloomy forest, or on the brow of the far and many-sounding ocean, where the rudely piled rocks frown into the darkened sky—where every thing in short is grand, and mighty, and fearful, and magnificent about us, the scattered faculties of the spirit are collected into one burst of enjoyment—intense, sublime, glorious. Here reflection is disencumbered from the low pursuits of life, to contemplate with greater power: imagination is free and strong, to exalt and throw her thick-coming and shadowy beauties around her; and the soul, purified and expanded, yearns to burst her tenement of clay, and rise upon airy wings to mingle with the grandeur and power of the Almighty. This is in truth what constitutes our perception of the sublime, which never can exist without a strong sense of what is called natural religion; for there is nothing good or beautiful in creation which the spirit of man does not desire to associate with God.

On the other hand, good reader, take an ignorant country peasant, stocked with superstition in all its grades and aspects; one, whose head, like an old haunted abbey, is full of saints and saint-

esses, coffins and cross-bones, spectres and deaths'-heads, ghosts of neglected rosaries wanting to be repeated, and souls of omitted hymns streaming in midnight melody to airs of most Christian sorrow and lamentation—spirits of jolly friars compelled to drink the contrite tears of their friends, as punishment for having indulged in more cheerful liquor—souls of holy vestals flitting about in white garments and bitter lamentation, until the supererogation of their own descendants to the sixth or seventh generation, can be entered as a set-off against their transgressions—one, whose head, I say, is full of wraiths, fetches, banshees, and dead-lights—headless horses and black hearses—take such a man, convey him in your imagination—the cheapest mode of conveyance yet known—to the brow of the first deep glen you meet on entering the mountains we are speaking of, the hour a little after midnight, and despite of all I have said about the sublimity of solitude, depend upon it, if guided by his definition of it, you will never leave civilized society during your life—after dusk.

When Lachlin found himself in that spot, and saw the impervious gloom which covered the depth of the valley, he paused, and felt his right waistcoat pocket, to be certain that the light of faith was in

it. The night was still as death, and the moon sailed placidly, like a ship in a gentle breeze, along the blue ocean of the firmament. There had been a few fleecy clouds visible when he left his uncle's; but a sensation, half of terror, half of encouragement, struck him, when, upon a more particular inspection of the sky, he found they had disappeared. It is true he knew there was something mysterious in this—it was not for nothing it happened—but it might be as well for his good as for his evil and he did not feel very uneasy. After another pause, in which not a single sound broke the silence of death around him, he drew his breath thickly, and taking out his beads, commenced a rosary, and proceeded into the valley, which at this hour almost resembled that of the shadow of death.

On entering it, he found that he could advance a few perches down its rugged sides, by the light of the moon; for the shadow of the opposite mountain, which threw itself across the glen, did not reach to its upper brow. When he found himself in the palpable darkness, his progress, though down hill, was exceedingly slow—still he advanced, occasionally getting a soft fall over a hillock or a shrub, by which he was tumbled some yards upon his journey. The hazel staff, however, was exceedingly useful to him; for by

if he was enabled to probe his way, and often to escape the round gray rocks which protruded out of the heath, or a sudden break or mound, as they unexpectedly rose or sunk before him. In this manner he struggled on, until he came to a slope, which appeared to shelve across the bottom of the valley; he now fancied his feet upon firm meadow-like land—for in these glens, the green spots are exceedingly beautiful—he became, of course, more confident, and was proceeding at a brisk pace, when he instantly found himself, without notice or preparation, grappling with some being, possessed of neither shape nor figure, and more resembling a pack of wool than any thing else within the range of visible forms. In a moment he was borne away, amidst a clatter of innumerable feet, how far, he could not say, nor rightly remember, but it could not have been far; for in a short time he was plunged into water, along with the horrible being which had dragged him, evidently, to an *unearthly* grave.

The whole diabolical design was executed in the most masterly manner; nothing could be more rapid, nor exceed the tract with which he was lodged head-foremost in the treacherous element. There is something awful in being taken in this manner by a devilish *coup-de-main*, just when one's confidence is beginning to return after a previous

fit of terror. It is base either in man or devil to depart so grossly from the legitimate modes of injury, and beset a man thus in the dark; but as it is the practice of both men and devils to this day, and will be so while the world lasts, our safest course is—to proceed with the story.

Poor Lachlin struggled hard for life—as who would not? but unfortunately, so sudden was the assault, that both the hazel stick and *padereens* were gone, nor did even sufficient presence of mind to repeat his prayer against evil spirits, remain with him. The alternate plunges of himself and the awful being with whom he contended were desperate—sometimes he was undermost and as often uppermost—he shrieked, and the being also emitted thick, close, guttural sounds, with a most horrible and rapid utterance. He was now evidently near the crisis of his fate, when he thought of the blessed candle, which he knew had power to protect him against both fire and water, and took courage. He next thought of the prayer, and began to repeat it aloud, when putting up his hands in a tug with this cruel monster, he caught, *horresco referens*, a pair of horns! thick, strong, and bent backwards into a most monstrous curve, and presently a cloven foot came against him, in the act of carrying out his enemy with a spring upon the gravel which sloped along

the edge of this dark and deadly gulf. Nor was this all; he could hear the pattering of his feet, in a manner that seemed to make the ground shake, and the noise of the water whizzing out of him, as he dashed off from the influence of the prayer. "Glorha Wurra!" exclaimed Lachlin, "what's this! why if the wather hasn't sunk down to about two feet, although I might safely take my oath, any way, that it was ten or twelve feet deep at the very laste—until the dirty baste (God 'twixt us an' harm,) left it; an' but the smell of the tar is strong behind him yet, the thief!

This conquest over the devil, whom he knew to be such from his hoofs and horns, gave him that desperate courage to which timid men are subject in moments of unavoidable danger, and for some time afterwards. He found that he had come off only with a complete drenching, and was thankful that no bodily injury befell him. Being now in a state of excitement, he lost no time in climbing the hill that sloped up from the other side of the glen: this indeed was a task of much difficulty; for the ascent was not gradual, but, owing to its rocks and gorges, not a whit less precipitous than that which he had just descended. Having accomplished this, and gained the mountain-ridge, his situation was singular, and the prospect about him sufficiently dim to teem with

forms the most wild and visionary. His struggle up it was certainly a toilsome one, and, joined with his mysterious adventure in the valley, exhausted him so much, that he sat down upon a hillock to recruit his strength, ere he advanced. The night was still cloudless, but so warm and soft, notwithstanding the season, that a gray thick mist rose out of the earth, and gave to its darkness a hue far different from reality. The spot on which he rested was a hard table of rock, merely covered with short heather. To his right there shot up a dark peak, composed of stupendous masses of the same description, appeared as if they had been piled upon each other by the hand of some Titan, eager to penetrate the sky, which it seemed to pierce. In winter it was usually covered with the clouds that rolled darkly over it, and was in all seasons browsed upon only by goats, who clipped the *froghan*\* shrubs and stunted bushes that grew between the clefts of its crags. On the present occasion the clouds hung thickly and heavily upon it, almost to the base; from which stretched away, in the direction of Lachlin's journey, a high thin rocky ridge, almost perpendicular on each side, which extended about three miles from the huge peak in question into a dark glen, incomparably larger than that he had already

\* The Bilberry.

passed. In such a chasm this craggy tongue ended with precipitous abruptness, thus giving something indescribably wild, picturesque and mysterious to scenery in itself unusually rude and savage.

To the left, the table whereon he sat, sank away and rose up again in a gentle curve, from the extreme line of which a broken slope facing an overhanging range of beetling cliffs, fell down into another exceedingly picturesque vale—dark, and of unusual length. Parts of this covered with thorn and wild wood, and interspersed with spots of vivid green, were very fine indeed, combining at once both the grand and the beautiful. Behind him was the glen he had passed, striking round the base of the dark, mist-capped peak to his right; and before him lay, hard and unbroken by hill ranges, a long gloomy tract, that brought him from these frowning precipices to that part of the intervening journey where the mountains fell away into those soft and graceful undulations which characterize them near the cultivated country. Now this in the open day could not be contemplated without something bordering on awe, arising naturally enough from a view of the gigantic rifts by which nature, in a moment of wrathful gloom, or “mountain mirth,” had piled together such dreadful scenery. What, however, must not our spirit-fearing

traveller have felt at the hour of two o'clock *at night* (I speak of the *natural* divisions of night and day) in these lonely recesses? The moon, as I said, was up—her light mellow, but not bright—he sat beneath a gloomy peak, around which the hoary mists clung heavily. On one side of it, where the moonbeams fell, they were lit into pale and visionary outlines; on the shadowy side, inaccessible to the light, there was a thick but visible obscurity, sufficient to discover, but not to conceal, those indistinct images of terror which a diseased imagination, fresh from a spectral conflict, might body forth. To the left, the view was worthy at once of midnight and the solitude, and the unfortunate spectator of both. The glen on that side was filled with a darkness which no beam of the moon, from its situation, could penetrate—it appeared like chaos, cold and palpable, such as might have been trodden upon. The vagueness of its gloom to such an imagination as dwelt on it, was terrible. Even upon the *least* obscure surface of the prospect (I can use no other term,) the light was faint and unprecedently ghastly. Every object—I know not how far unfortunate Lachlin's fancy may have been concerned in this—appeared to possess a shape of something having life, but altogether of the supernatural kind. A mystery that mingled his piti-

able and unhappy soul with the congenial horrors about him, seemed to wrap every thing in ideal and dream-like uncertainty. Sometimes, indeed, he thought it, and oftener wished to find it a dream; but in vain—there he found himself, despite of many fruitless efforts at attempting to awake and prove it all a fiction. Miserable wight! to sit surrounded on all sides by a shadowy and unsubstantial-looking scene of horror, in which, even if a spirit appeared, there was a sufficient temptation for him to do so, if only for the purpose of keeping up the character of the place! Nothing of this, it is true, was lost upon Lachlin. He himself had been not only “scanning it in his mind’s eye,” but calculating upon the advantages of his late victory. Pitiably indeed was his state; for on striking a close balance, he found himself, like many conquerors of old, dreadfully a loser. There, I say, he sat—sensible of all the confused horrors about him without either his beads, his hazle staff, or—his blessed candle; for the fact was, that on a close search, he found he had forgotten to change his waistcoat, and that what he believed to be the holy candle, was only a half-penny worth of profane tobacco!!! This dreadful reality he discovered while resting himself on the hillock; but what could he do? to re-encounter his old friend, the devil, in the same

glen, was neither in his courage nor his philosophy. In the name of all the saints then, he would push on and endeavour to clear the mountains for the sake of his sick mother. Accordingly he advanced, and for the next two miles experienced no obstruction. It were well he had thus concluded his journey! But truth must be told.

He had proceeded a few miles in a state of stupid terror, conceivable only by those who could be in his situation; the cold perspiration trickled in large drops from his forehead, and his hat rose on his bewildered head at every prominent form that met his eye; and to work up his misery to the most dreadful pitch, he found that he had gone out of his way. The first object which confirmed him in this, was the appearance of Loughmacall, which, as the phrase went, no man ever passed alone at night without "seein' somethin'." Of this mysterious lake it had been reported, that more men were drowned in it than in all the lakes of the country besides. Whenever it happened that a man disappeared in these mountains, the first thing done was to examine Loughmacall, and there his hat was sure to be got floating upon its fatal waters, and his body at the bottom somewhere near his hat. Yet none could tell in what manner these persons had been lost, though to be

sure the coroner's jury unusually "found them drowned."

Lachlin, when he discovered this dreadful lake, was on the side of a dark hill which sloped down immediately into it. Here he stood, determined to advance no farther in that direction; just then he heard a deep, hollow booming, like the rushing of a distant storm. The hoarse, astounding roar was overwhelming, and as it proceeded he thought from the lake, he looked down, and perceived it covered with clouds, and darkness, and storm, and heard distinctly the furious weltering of its waters, as if attempting to break over their banks; whilst the whole night-scene about him, the lake excepted, was calm as death. He would have instantly flown, but found himself charmed to the spot, or rather under the influence of some supernatural power that began to draw him down towards its edge. He then attempted to take his eyes off it; he found that he could not. In an instant the clouds formed a vista on each side, through which the unhappy victim saw a man, in a state of great agitation, walked rapidly to and fro on its waters; and, what was most fearful of all, Lachlin, though at the distance of one hundred perches, could see his face and the expression of his features as distinctly as if he were within two yards of him in the light of day. This malignant

being was of great, but not of unnatural stature: his face resembled that of a corpse—his lips were bloody—but his eyes, which turned rapidly in their sockets, were red as scarlet, and gleamed with flashes of actual fire. The contrast between them and his corpse-like face was enough to turn man into a stone. He appeared to be as agitated as the waters on which he trod: his paces were rapid, and as he strided backward and forward he looked with a quick and wild motion on his right and on his left, as if endeavouring to espy some particular object. At length he turned himself in the direction where Lachlin stood, who instantly found that his eye was upon him. The poor man made another effort at flight, but in vain; he felt himself utterly helpless—the very powers of his mind were paralyzed as those of his body. When the man on the lake saw him, he stood a moment, and the red fire of malignant joy fell from his eyes upon its waters—and then he walked rapidly over to the edge immediately below where Lachlin stood, who, though stiff with horror, yet retained an intense perception of his danger. But just as the spectre arrived at the edge, he found himself opposed by some other being, and Lachlin, to his astonishment, saw a fair form, dressed in white robes, which flowed free and soft as the morning breeze. In a

moment a violent struggle commenced, while the spectre laughed in peals of wild and contemptuous mirth that echoed fearfully among the hills and valleys about them. Dreadful and violent was this supernatural struggle. The unearthly laughter of the spectre was mingled with the screams of a voice, which Lachlin immediately recognised to be that of his mother. Sometimes the spirit of the lake would draw the other form upon the waters, which immediately yawned to receive her, and the fire of delight would again fall in crimson flashes about his person. But into the gulf he could not get her; for the moment she appeared upon its dark weltering brink, the strength of the spirit became temporarily relaxed, and she consequently escaped it. For a considerable time this conflict lasted; and nothing could exceed the energy with which the white form struggled in behalf of Lachlin; her screams, however, were becoming fainter, wilder, and more melancholy, whilst the laughter of the demon became more loud and exulting.

"*Oh, Lachlin, astore,*" said his mother's voice, and the tones were full of tenderness, despair, and sorrow—" *Oh, Lachlin, astore, ca wilh dha Pade-reens? tha ma lhug—lhug—lhug!*"—"Oh, Lachlin, dear, where are your beads? I am weak—weak—weak!"

Lachlin's heart again died within him; for, as his faculties had been only sharpened, by this appeal to a sense of his loss, and consequently, of his helplessness, he knew not on what hand to turn. In the mean time, the spectre had got on land, and was making his way up to the unhappy young man, who could have wished that the mountains would cover him from the terrific grasp of the demon. He did not advance, however, without opposition; desperately, though, alas! unavailingly, the spirit encountered him; but her screams were now reduced to low and plaintive moaning. At length the fatal moment came; the unearthly man advanced, and, having grasped the unresisting object of his wrath with a gripe which seemed to turn him into a jelly, he dragged him down towards the lake, and a wild piercing scream from his mother, who vanished, gave evidence that her despair and Lachlin's fate were sealed.

It was truly an appalling sound; and not only rang away keenly in bitter echoes among the hills, but actually, like a passing breeze in the calm twilight, curled and stilled for a moment, with a melancholy murmur, the raging waters of the lake.

Lachlin was upon the edge of these waters; and the hills were echoing back, with a thousand tongues, the loud yells of the monster's satanic

mirth, when a sudden and glorious light surrounded them, and a voice, whose tones transcended the sweetest music, asked—

“Lachlin Murray, will you wear the order of the Blessed Virgin?”

Lachlin’s heart anticipated his lips in the reply, and he answered, fervently—“The scapular, is it? Yes, holy mother, and will die in it?”

Instantly a female arm, of surpassing beauty, was interposed between him and the fiend; his fears were gone—his strength restored—and a blessed serenity diffused itself through his rejoicing spirit.

In the mean time the demon of the lake essayed to fly—but, in his turn, was fixed to the spot on which he stood.

“Patrick,” said the sweet voice, “chastise that wicked spirit for his guilty design this night.”

At that moment, St. Patrick, whom Lachlin had not yet seen, stepped forward, dressed as he appears on the sign-boards—in *pontificalibus*—his crosier in one hand, and Lachlin’s beads and hazel cudgel in the other. He threw Lachlin his beads, laid down his crosier, which, however, was made of good shillelah, immediately doffed his robes, and exhibited a stout, able frame, cased in an excellent frieze jacket—his nether garments, after the present fashion, were open at the knees. He took Lachlin’s cudgel in his hand—

"Now," said he to the laker, "you born sin-  
ner, didn't I put you into this lake, corked in a  
thumb-bottle, early in the fourth century? and is  
this the way you're traten' my counthrymen?  
How did you get out, you divil's limb, before I  
commence *ludherin'* you?"

"Why," replied the other, "it's easily ex-  
plained—the cork rotted, and I got out, that's all."

"Eh, was that it? Ho—by the Pepe's toe,  
but I'll pay you. Murray, you wouldn't have a  
bottle about you, with a cork in id, a bouchal?"

"Plase yer Reverence, I believe I've got that  
same. You see, sir, 'twas a long *step* I had be-  
fore me this night that's in it—an' I—hem—no  
offence, I hope, plase yer Reverence—I brought a  
small sup of what you know; but, any how, a  
blessed drop of it didn't cross my lips—yet."

"Hand it out here, man alive," said the saint;  
"but first take a pull out of it, an' lave me the  
rest."

Lachlin complied with this hint; and Patrick,  
holding the bottle between him and the moon, put  
it to his lips, and emptied it.

"As you were going to put me in the bottle,"  
said the laker, "you might have left what was in  
it untouched!" "Arrah," replied St. Patrick; " 'tis  
the oil of hazel you'll get, what's fittest for you."

\* To beat unmercifully.

He immediately commenced, and displayed upon the body of the *spirit*, through the medium of Lachlin's cudgel, a very considerable portion of science, considering that he did not live in the nineteenth century. Neither did he confine himself to the stick, but applied his right foot to the laker's neck with a vigour which delighted Lachlin's heart. In this manner he cudgelled and kicked him till he reached the middle of the lake, when he pulled out his bottle, and, setting it upon the water, compelled the *spirit* to enter in; he then corked it up, and dropped it in the lake, where it sank like a stone.

"Arrah, long life an' glory to yer Reverence," said Lachlin, "but 'tis a good job you have done this night, sir."

"Ay," replied St. Patrick, quite out of breath, "I believe I have corked more spirits than any man since my time; and, you poor sneaking spalpeen, isn't that the reason why my iffegy's on the sign-boards of so many public-houses to this day—didn't my mother keep a shebeen-house in the town of Enniskillen?"

"An' 'tis yer Reverence's hand that seems no stranger to the cudgel, neither," said Lachlin.

"Why, you pitiful cratur," said the saint, "amn't I the pathron of cudgel-players? And now I have something to settle wid yourself.

What's the reason you came out without saying your prayers to-night? Eh? An' next, why didn't you call upon me when you were in your trouble about the meal? You may thank the interest that was made for you, or you wouldn't be here safe at the present time."

"Why, please yer Reverence," said Lachlin, "I surely think I did say my prayers to-night."

"Did you finish them?" said St. Patrick; "can you tell me that? take this, any way, as pittance, an' remember to make a station at my purgatory in Lough-derg, into the bargain;" saying which, he gave poor Lachlin two thwacks of his own cudgel over the skull. Lachlin's head rang—he was astonished—looked about him, and found that he had been asleep across the chair at which he had knelt to say his prayers about an hour before. The next day he bought a scapular—got it consecrated, and had the satisfaction of going to bed a scapularian that night; neither did he forget, the following summer, to make a station at Lough Derge.

But above all things, he took care never to travel an inch, after dusk, without a blessed candle in his company, being well aware, that if the "light of faith" had been in his waistcoat pocket, no evil would have befallen him in his dream.

THE END.

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